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Short ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE and SUFFERINGS
OF
ELIAS NEAU,

Upon the Gallies, and in the Dungeons
of *Marseilles*; for the constant Pro-
fession of the *Protestant* Religion.

Newly translated from the FRENCH,
By JOHN CHRISTIAN JACOBI, *Gent.*

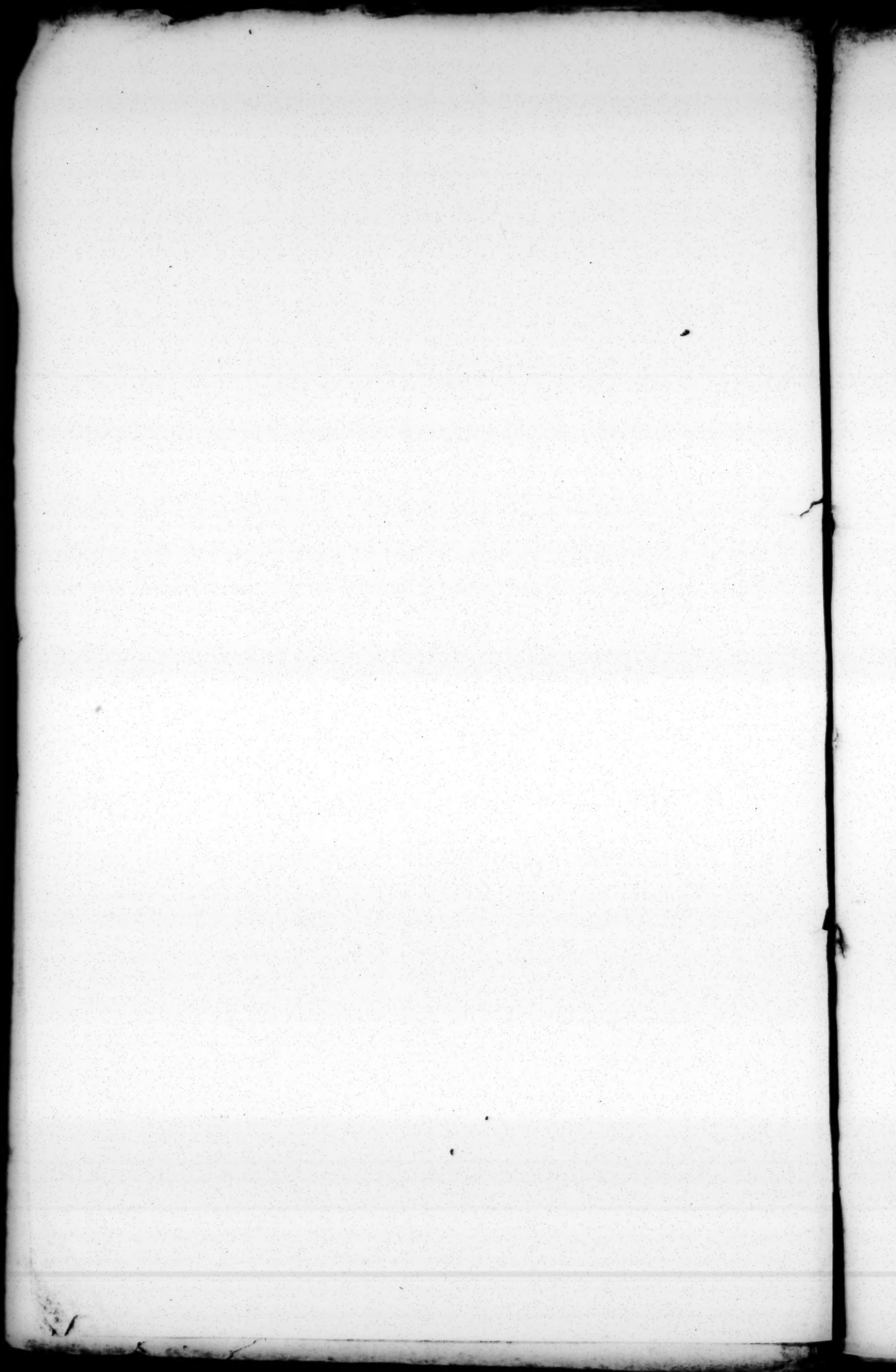
*This Treatise was printed at the End of the New Book of
Martyrs, lately published by the Recommendation of the Rev.
Mr. BATEMAN, Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great,
in London; and Chaplain to the Right Honourable the
Countess Dowager of Huntingdon.*

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To his LORDSHIP

The EARL of PORTLAND.

My LORD,



THE great king, who at this time is not only the admiration of all the people, but also the happiness and glory of his subjects, had no sooner procured tranquility to Europe by the peace which his wisdom and valour concluded at Ryswick, but this potent monarch employ'd your lordship in confirmation of it, by that famous embassy in France, where you appeared with so much lustre and glory.

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DEDICATION.

It was then, my lord, that among the important negotiations your grandeur was engaged in, remembering the affliction of Joseph, your lordship drew the confessor from the bottom of his dungeons, whose history I take the liberty to lay before you. And although his deliverance is one of the effects of the piety of that great prince, whom we regard as the defender of faith, yet your lordship was the powerful instrument which was employed to procure the opening of his prison; since the respect doth not permit me to approach the throne of his majesty with the most humble returns of due praises, and I beg leave to offer your lordship this treatise, as a proof of profound gratitude of the confessor Elias Neau, and as a publick mark of veneration and respect, with which I am,

My lord, Your lordship's

Most Humble, and

Most Obedient Servant,

J. MORIN.

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SOME persons distinguished among our refugees by their birth, but more so by their piety, having heard that the author of this little treatise had memoirs enough to make a short history of it, encouraged him to set about it immediately; And giving way to their advice, he pursued the inclination he had to let the world know the extraordinary graces the Lord had bestowed upon this confessor, who is the subject of this treatise. Two years he was about it, and two things retarded its publication. The first was, the sentiments of those pious and tender souls, that were afraid, that the publication of it would irritate the spirit of the persecutors, and give them an occasion to increase the pains of their brethren, that still remained in their clutches. But this reason ceases now, because we are assured from all parts, that the miseries and pains of our confessors are arrived to their highest pitch, that the inhumanity they treat them with, is unheard of, and that the new-invented sorts of torments they daily exercise upon them make them suffer a thousand-fold death. And in effect, a death never so violent would be a thousand times sweeter than a lingering life where they make them die by inches. The gallies, the dungeons, the woods and stones, all speak of the sufferings of our confessor. Why should we then be silent any longer? Nay, what is more, should we not endeavour to edify, rejoice, and console our brethren, by setting
before

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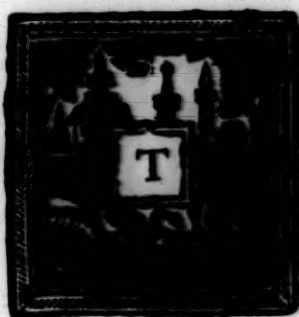
before their eyes the examples of those happy champions that come so victoriously from the battle? And taking all the precautions christian prudence can demand, one should not for some vain scruples sake deprive the publick of the edification they may reap, and leave to God the issue, He knows how to turn all to the benefit of his children.

The second reason which has retarded the impression of this treatise was, that some pretended that it were unusual to publish the history of one that is still alive, because one did not know how his end would be. But besides the admirable gifts the Holy Spirit had endowed this confessor withal, and of which all those have been convinced, that have conversed with him, it is to be hoped, that he is of the number of those which God has loved once, he will love always, because his gifts and calling are without repentance; you read here but the history or relation of this confessor, and of the graces God has instilled into him, and which are here made known to those that are still suffering like him, or that may be called to suffer one time or other. In fine, after the charitable passport, the illustrious author of the Practice of Devotion has given to this dear confessor, it is to be hoped, this work will not be disagreeable to the publick.

PREFACE.



P R E F A C E.



THE persecution exercised by the dragoons against the reformed in France since 1681, did not stop at the sole provinces of that great kingdom, but spread itself even into Piedmont; nay, they designed also to carry it into the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, if God had not raised king William to stop their career, and rescued all Europe from that sad slavery, it had been threatned with long ago.

Popery finding itself thus baulked, carried the effects of its rage into America, whither they transported a great many faithful souls of France, and there tormented them with all sorts of punishments.

The success which the persecuting clergy have had in their tragical enterprises, has often given them occasion of insulting our misery, and to ask us insolently: "Where is your God, where are the confessors and martyrs of your religion, since all abandon it, and
" whole

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“ whole villages and provinces turn to the
“ catholick faith ? ”

But blessed be Almighty Goodness, that has not left us long without sufficient witnesses of doing us good in this respect. The Lord has not permitted that all the reformed in France have bowed their knees unto Baal ; He has reserved more than seven thousand that have not done it ; and we can repeat the words of St Paul with assurance ; even at this present time “ there is a remnant according to “ the election of grace.” Many have suffered martyrdom. Above two hundred thousand are retired from France, who have taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and all that was most dear to them. How many thousands have we had, in whom grace has been so victorious, as to overcome the new-invented torments to force them to abjure ? But what deserves our attention, and encourages our duty most to bless God in a particular manner, is, that great number of generous champions of the Lord, whose battles they fight still either upon the gallies, or in the dungeons of Marfeilles, Bourdeaux, Brest, and St Malø ; since without counting those five hundred that have been chained to the gallies, whereof four hundred are still actually glorifying the name of God by patience and resignation in all their trials. These are so many glimmering stars of the first magnitude, that shine in the firmament of the church by their faith, piety, sancti-

P R E F A C E.

sanctification, and firmness in an admirable manner.

From this great cloud of witnesses it has pleased God to draw, amongst others, ELIAS NEAU, and to set him as a sign and a miracle of deliverance in these our days. It is this illustrious confessor, my old friend, of whose sufferings at St Malo, Rennes, the galleys, in the prisons of Marseilles, and in a new dungeon of the castle d' Ye, I am going to give the reader an account.

I mention only, En passant, that I have done no more to this work, than to put the things contained therein into order; I have inserted some of the letters whole, and have made an extract of others, all which breathe an unction that may more edify, rejoice and console of themselves, than all the embellishments of oratory can do. The reason why something of my own is interspersed, is to shew the connexion of those things that occur, but a particular view is had to shew the internal character and spirit of this generous confessor, in whom the remembrance of that great law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself," seems to have been deeply engraved?

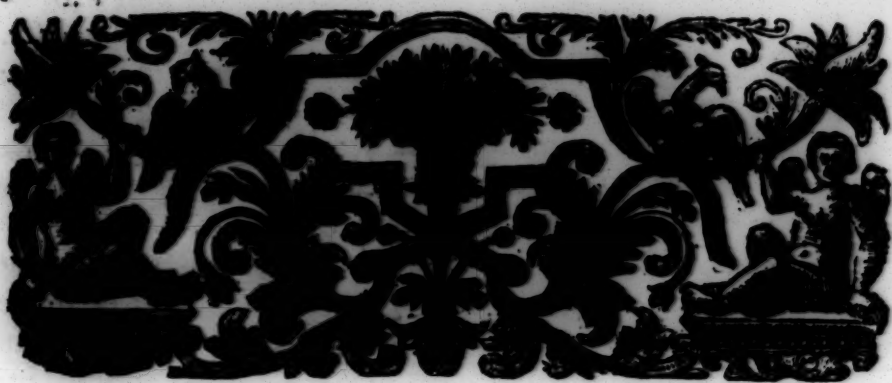
It is true, there is not found such a metaphysical love of God as the archbishop of Cambray treats of; but such a divine love of God
which

P R E F A C E.

which is to be apprehended by every body. It is properly a simple relation, full of the language of Canaan, that a true confessor in chains has declared to fortify his fellow-sufferers with. A confessor who joined works with faith, piety to the sanctity of doctrine God had endowed him with. At last one may see him effectually possessed with the spirit of martyrdom, and a martyr in vow, because the Spirit of God and his victorious grace had put him unto the most frightful death, and to wait with patience and resignation whatever the Lord would be pleased to order for him.

May the Lord be pleased to bless this relation to the glory of his truth, and the shame and conviction of all the persecutors of it.





A N
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
S U F F E R I N G S
O F
E L I A S N E A U,
Upon the Gallies, and in the Dungeons of
MARSEILLES.



LIAS NEAU, originally of Moise in Xaintonge, in the principality of Soubise, between thirty-seven and thirty-eight years of age; of whom I shall speak without any disparagement to his family, in which there were a great number of honest gentlemen, that his virtue had raised him far above his extraction. For not being brought up to letters or study, he had by the force of his natural parts, and by his serious application to piety, acquired an apt disposition to write and compose such letters and hymns, as may be fit to be read by all the world. But above all, God had endowed him with such a measure of holiness,
b lines,

linefs, and of the fear of the Lord, that comparing him with others, I must needs fay with St Paul, that "God has chosen
 " the foolish things of this world to confound the wise; and the
 " weak things of the world, to confound the things that are
 " mighty; and base things of the world, and things which
 " are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are
 " not, to bring to nought things that are," 1 Cor. i. 27, 28.

ELIAS NEAU had always from his tender infancy a great inclination to go to sea. At the age of his 12th year he made his first trial as a cabin-boy, and afterwards as a common sailor; and in 1679, when Monsieur Marillac and Demuin, intendants of Poictou and Rochefort, and of the country d'Aunis, made their first essay of forced conversions by the violence of dragoons, Elias Neau, to avoid the storm the inhabitants of Soubise were threatened with, took a resolution to retire to the American islands. To these he travelled indifferently, whether they belonged to France or Holland, till the persecution of the reformed French refugees begun even in those islands. Then he retired to Boston, a city belonging to the English, and where he was obliged to be naturalized to follow his profession, without which he could not command any trading vessel.

In the year 1692, when he was intrusted with a small trading vessel of eighty tuns, named the *Marquise*, belonging to Gabriel Boiteux, a merchant at New York, from whence it was bound for Jamaica, he was taken by a French privateer of St Malo, Julian Bouffant, commander, about 106 leagues from whence he came. This happened about the height of Bermudas, 35 degrees of latitude, and 108 of longitude, and more than 1500 leagues from our continent. After the privateer had taken the vessel, he wanted hands to put on board the prize; he therefore obliged Neau to ransom the vessel and cargo. To which Neau consented, engaging himself to pay 3500 livres for it; and for which sum he made himself an hostage, remaining a prisoner till it should be paid, and sending the vessel back again to New York, which was about fifteen days.

The privateer in the mean while sailed towards St Malo, where he arrived the latter end of October following. There Bouffant caused Elias Neau to be put into the publick prison, where it was found out that he was a Frenchman, which he neither denied, nor his profession. They writ immediately to court for an order, what they should do with him. The merchants that had an interest in the capture, did their utmost to prevail with the privateer not to deliver him
 up

up to the judicature of St Malo, not from any motive of love or compassion to Neau, but out of self-interest, for fear of losing the prize, for which the privateer had agreed with him, and for which he was detained prisoner.

While Elias Neau was in these circumstances at St Malo, he writ to his friends in England, and desired them to take the most proper means to release him out of his misery. These left no stone unturned to obtain it, and got even two French captains to be kept prisoners for two months in hopes to make an exchange of two for one. But either the English council did not think it proper at that time to meddle with this affair, or France was too much exasperated against that nation, which they flattered themselves to subdue, that affair was pushed no farther.—However, God would make him an example of Faith, of Piety and Perseverance in the midst of those great trials he had prepared for him, and to shew him, how much he was to suffer for his name's sake.

The order that came from court was, to oblige our prisoner to change, and to sign the form of abjuration, as others had done, in default whereof he should be judged according to the rigour of the declaration. The change of religion was the touch-stone to all, that were upon trial, and a sure means to extricate themselves. For as great a malefactor as any one could be, if he changed religion, he escaped all pains, and received absolution. I have seen an instance of a notorious wretch, which made me tremble, and who by this means escaped the utmost punishment he had deserved more than once. But he, whose history I write, had led an unblameable life towards all men, and had no crime but being born in that religion he had always professed, and had retired out of the kingdom to escape persecution. According to the order of the court for his changing, they tried both promises and threatnings. They promised him to discharge him from the ransom of 3500 livres for his vessel, and made him hope for an employ and command in France: And as the devil said to our Saviour; All this I will give, &c. Nay, they made him all the most advantageous and dazling promises they could invent. But Elias Neau answered them, that the offers made him would be very pleasing to a man that loved the world and its riches, but as for himself, he would not sell that at so cheap a rate, which he valued more than all the riches of this world, viz. his own soul, which Jesus Christ has bought at an infinite price, remembering the words of our Saviour himself, who says: “What is a man profited, if he shall gain the

“ whole world, and lose his own soul ? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ? ”

When the promises were not strong enough to shake the constancy of our faithful confessor, they had recourse to threatnings to frighten him ; by representing to him, that he was not innocent, but on the contrary, that he going out of France against the declarations of the king, and being taken in a vessel of the enemy, he might easily imagine, how much all this made him culpable, though he could easily extricate himself ; but if he continued obstinate, and obliged his judges to proceed according to the terms of the declaration, he knew their rigour, and the greatest favour that could be shewn him, would be to be condemned to the Gallies, of which he might consider whilst it was yet time. To all this these missionaries, he was frequently pestered with in prison, began to add matters of controversy ; but I must needs say this to his advantage, that he always came off victorious ; insomuch that having tired them out of all their endeavours to shake his faith, they thought of nothing but to judge him, and proceed against him according to the usual form.

The first exception Elias Neau made against the injustice of the president of St Malo, was his being a naturalized subject of England, and produced the act of his naturalisation, by virtue whereof he desired to be set at liberty, and not to trouble him, since he had been the king of England's subject above ten years. They thought his exception worthy to be sent to court, with the act of his naturalisation, which they got to be translated. So far it is true, that in France neither the inferior nor superior judicature, nay, even the parliament, dare not proceed to any final determination of the least affair of the court, and the directors of conscience without consulting the ministry of the spiritual court.

After 4 months imprisonment Neau was condemned by the judge, according to the order of the court, to serve the king in the quality of a gally-slave during his life, and that for having established himself in a foreign country without hismajesty's leave and against his declaration, 1662, which forbids his subjects to go out of the kingdom. Here you see his crime and his sentence, for having obeyed his Saviour, who says : “ When they persecute you in one place flee ye into another.”

His sentence being pronounced, they solicited him anew with promises and threatnings to engage him to a revolt, giving him to understand, that this was the only means to atone for his disobedience and rebellion against his natural prince. Since when the king demanded any thing contrary to

to the commandment of God, we ought to pay him a blind obedience, as if their empire extended itself over the conscience, which is only subject to God; and as if the apostles had not taught us to say on the like occasion: "Judge ye yourselves, whether it is not more just to obey God rather than you, Acts iv. 19.

Before the formality of the last sentence against Elias Neau was executed, the procurator-general went to prison to see him, and to offer him his liberty, if he would promise him to change his religion, since there was no other means left for him to save himself. And, as it was said in the persecution under Charles IX. Either death or the mass; so here the procurator-general said to Neau: Either liberty upon condition of going to mass, or the chain. Our generous confessor did not hesitate to answer: I take the chain, as our martyrs said formerly: Death and not mass. The procurator-general asked again, whether he did not know, that we ought to obey our superiors, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake, since it was the doctrine of St Paul? Yes, answered Neau; but if St Paul had understood it as you would have it, he had obeyed Nero. This judge having nothing more to reply, shook his head, and said, I pity you; and since you are of this opinion, we can do no more for you, and left him. After that the parliament delivered his arrest, May 6, 1672. And April 3. they fastened Elias Neau to the chain, with above 200 other gally-slaves, all which together were sent on foot from Rennes to Marseilles, where they arrived the 19th of May following the very Whitsunday.

They were 37 days upon the road, as well for the weight of their chains, which hindered them from going faster, as for the difficulty, and badness of the road; besides that, our confessor was seized with a very troublesome distemper all the way he went, which exhausted his spirits, and made him extremely weak; and had no doubt contracted it by the many sufferings he had met with in his prisons. But God, who sends trials, and takes them off, and grants health to the sick, when it is for his glory, strengthened him so powerfully, that at last he arrived at Marseilles with the rest of his fellow-sufferers, in perfect health.

He was immediately put on board the gally called, The Old Madam; where they kept him six months, and afterwards removed him into another, named, La Magnanime, where he remained the same space of time. These places did not appear so frightful to him, as he had imagined; for he was encouraged and fortified by the sight of his brethren, who
had

had suffered a great while with a great deal of faith, piety and constancy. And he found means to make his sentiments known to his pastor in the following letter, which confirms all that I have said. It was at the same time he composed that prayer, which I prefix before his letter, and will be as an introduction to the ensuing treatise.

MEDITATION in form of PRAYER to beg of GOD
his Divine Love.

IT is thy love, O Lord, that has kept me from making a sad shipwreck of my faith. It is thou alone, my God, who didst guide me by thy counsel to do according to thy will. If thou hadst not supported me by thy power, I had run the risque of losing myself for ever. I saw myself on the brink of hell, but thy love, O God, has not abandoned me, and thou hast secured me in my necessity. To thee I shall render eternal thanks and praises, I do not doubt. It is that infinitely infinite love, which I adore at present, as the sole cause that I am still alive, and is the same that I will adore in time and eternity. For without that Sovereign Love I had been undone, nor were I yet amongst the number of the living, that live to thee, nor desire to live, but for thy sake. And since thou hast given me a heart, that acknowledges this, give me also a soul, that loves thee with a love a thousand times stronger than death. Endow me with a soul, that may be thy spouse, and worthy of that name, and that has its true voice and language. It is by this, O my dear Saviour, that I shall know that I love thee in reality, if, without ever being tired for want of courage, I take pleasure in tribulations, in shame, persecutions and oppressions for the sake of thy glorious name. This will be then the sure ground of putting my entire confidence, my hope and refuge in thee alone: And that shall make me sensible of the force of thy sweet love working in my soul. Then shall I be able to say with full assurance, and with transport of inexpressible joy: Neither great waters shall be able to extinguish, nor rivers drown it.

The joyful triumphs of the New Man, thou grantest me to feel already, are to me the sure marks of thy love: This makes me seek thee, O Lord; to-day I hear thy voice, to-day thou hast touched my heart to raise it from amongst the dead: For without thee it cannot turn towards thee, and without thee I am but a mere nothing. But one abyss calls to another. Thy divine love will swallow up mine, so that I be
made

made one with thee, who art the great Monarch of the universe, the Father of eternity, and Lord of glory; thou inspirest me with courage and boldness to love thee, and to declare my love to thee: Thy Word lives and lasts for ever: Thou rejectest none that comes to thee. O my God! How great and strong is thy love! What sweetness have thy benign influences? I feel their admirable effect within my soul, and in the centre of my heart: Thy voice tells me, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, for I am thy salvation, and thy rampart to protect thee against thine enemies." And in this moment my soul answers thee, Thou art my Lord and my God; I will praise thee all my life long, and as long as thou shalt be pleased to preserve it, they shall hear me publish thy praises. Oh! how do I wish for thy coming! For thy goodness sake replenish my soul, that desires thee, and fill it with thy mercies, that sighs after thee. O come then and make thine abode in my soul, to confirm, entertain and assure me of thy love without intermission day and night, so that I may say, "My beloved is mine and I am his." Do not delay, my God; enter into my soul, whose only strength thou art, and make her so pure by thy sovereign purity, that she may be without spot or wrinkle. I shall drink the water of thy fountain, and taste the river of thy pleasures. Begin, my soul, to relish the peace, and those graces the Lord has endowed thee withal, and taste more and more how sweet thy Lord is. And since holiness is thine image, O my God, give me grace to be clothed with the same, that thou mayst take delight in me, and I may follow thee, wheresoever thou goest, either to Mount Tabor, or Mount Calvary, in shame and glory: That thy love may take pleasure in me, and that thou mayst acknowledge me for one of thy children, in what place or condition soever I may be. Make haste to help me, O my God, extend the arms of thy mercy towards me. Come and purify my soul by the covenant of thy love, and abide with me for ever. Make me to hear incessantly these words of consolation within my soul, even to the last breath of my life. Here I will dwell for ever, for here I have chose my habitation. As long as thou dwellest in my breast, I shall not enquire, like the king's daughter, where thou shalt repose at noon. And when I contemplate thee, my Saviour, upon the cross, I shall not ask where thou feedest thy flock at high noon. But, O my Saviour, let me know it, if thou wilt, that I should know it. Whence is it that I do not always perceive it alike? I am pierced with a sensible Pain, that I cannot
love

love thee as much as I would. O God, my Saviour ! make my soul cry out incessantly, Lord ! I thirst after thee, my strong and living God ! Oh ! when wilt thou satisfy me from the river of thine eternal pleasures ? When shall I be so happy to appear before the face of my God ? Thither all my desires aspire ; for there thy right hand will embrace me, and there I shall adore thee with an eternal love throughout all the following ages of eternity. But in the mean time, whilst I wait for this unspeakable happiness, make my heart triumph with joy by the presence of thy Holy Spirit, to comfort me in thy love, to strengthen my faith, and inspiring me with such a love as I ought to have towards thee, and make me such as thou wilt have me. O Lord, thou makest me to love thee, and I love thee, because thou hast loved me first. Thou hast forgiven me much, give me also to love thee much ; hear my desires, and lend an ear to the preparation and meditation of my heart. Replenish all the faculties and capacities of my soul, that being swallowed up in the contemplation of thy love, I may cry out with the spouse : “ Behold, my beloved, “ who appears as beautiful as the dawn of the morning, his “ eyes are like a flame of fire, burning for the vehemence “ of love which he bears to me ” Thou art to me the most intimate of my heart, the well beloved of my soul, I will take no pleasure, but in thy love, and will abide fainting with love in thine arms. Thou, who art all love and charity, wilt not refuse so just a demand. At present I hold thee fast, and will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Thou hast knocked at my door to sup with me : Yes, my dear Saviour, thou art come to visit me in order to enjoy thyself with me. I shall lie down and repose myself in thy bosom, where I may be drunk with thy love, which is more delightful than wine !

O Lord my God, frighten mine enemies by the sole tone of thy voice, which is like the roaring of the great waters, for fear of disturbing our repose. Thy garments are perfumed with myrrhe, aloes and frankincense ; I find their smell admirable. Thy serene countenance thou shewest me, is to me a testimony of thy benevolence. That my sacrifice may be perfect, kiss me, O my sweet Saviour, with the kiss of thy adorable mouth, kiss me with a kiss of love ; let thy left hand be under my head, and thy right hand embrace me. Abide with me, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent. Abide with me throughout the night of affliction, and let thy love make me support with joy all the most cruel pains thy love afflicts me with : But above all, let me search with eagerness,

eagerness, all the lawful means to glorify thee in my sufferings, and that all the passions of my soul may center and terminate in that of love, which I owe thee. O how beautiful are the feet of my Saviour, which have brought me the glad tidings of my peace! O God my God, I owe thee all things, nay even my whole self. Accept of my love, receive my homage, my acknowledgments and my adorations according to thy goodness and mercy. Let my adorations be the adorations of love, and my love be the love of adoration! so that I may begin to do that in time, and in the midst of the workers of iniquity, and in ignominy, what I shall do in eternity, in the height of glory, in the company of millions of angels and saints, which thou fillest with infinite joy. May thy name, O Lord Jesu my Saviour, be glorified in me, and may I by thy grace, be glorified in thee according to the justice and truth of thy promises. Amen.

A Letter to Mr Morin, minister of the word of God,
of the church at Bergopzom.

SIR,

I Have taken the liberty to write to you since my confinement to these chains; but I am afraid you have not received my letter, the reason whereof may be, I had not your right address, which I had from one of my friends at Amsterdam. I am therefore obliged to send you an abstract of my history by these presents, that you may know the cause of my disgrace. I must begin with my departure out of France, which was 1679, to travel to the American islands. The troubles arising in France about religion, made me dread the combat which I must have underwent, had I staid any longer among the French. I left the islands and went to New England, where I dwelt ever since. You may remember, sir, that I writ to you from Boston, and you honoured me with an answer. I was settled at Boston, and married four years since. I was obliged to be naturalized to follow my business. And, as I was a mariner, I could have no command without being naturalized. To be short, I commanded a small vessel bound to Jamaica. I met with a privateer of St Malo about 120 leagues from whence I came, who took me, and since he had no hands to spare, he sold me the vessel with its cargo. I engaged myself for the payment, and sent the vessel back again, from whence I came but a fortnight ago, remaining a prisoner, till the ransom of the vessel should be paid. I was carried to St Malo, where they found me out to be a Frenchman. The burghers concerned in the privateer, did all that

was possible to deliver me, because of the sum I was indebted to them for, but prevailed not. They writ to court, and received orders to make me change my religion. I refused stoutly, and upon account of my naturalization. I said it was not right to force me to change my religion. They writ to court again, and sent my declaration with the translation of my letter of naturalization. After all this there was no other remedy to escape the chain of the gally, but the change of religion. When they saw me resolved to go to the gallies, they tempted me with the promise of forgiving me the sum for the release of the vessel, which was 3500 livres. I answered, the offer was good for an interested man; but as for me, I would not sell that so cheap, which I valued infinitely more than all the treasures of the world. But as they could gain nothing by the missionaries that visited the prison every day where I was, to try their conversions, as they call it, they thought to gain upon me by saying, that I must not take myself innocent, because I had disobeyed my natural prince. I answered to this temptation as well as the rest. After I had been four months in prison, they condemned me at last to serve the king upon the gallies during my life, for having established myself in a foreign country without his permission. I appealed to the parliament at Rennes in Bretagne, but my cause was not heard; those men judged me, and confirmed the sentence given against me. MrAttorney-general was so kind to make me a visit in prison, after he himself had consented to my condemnation. His proposal was, that if I would change, he would do his utmost to procure my liberty. I thanked him, and told him that I accepted of the chains; for which refusal he looked upon me with pity. In a short time after I was put to the chain, and we were thirty-seven days upon our journey hither. I suffered a deal because of a dysentery I had upon me; but the Lord had mercy on me, and healed me. He has given me grace to be faithful to Him hitherto. I am encouraged to perseverance by a number of very faithful brethren, [the best human comfort in such trials] who for eight years together have confessed the glorious name of our Lord Jesus Christ. The example of their purity of manners, as well as their worship of the True God, has inspired me with a love of all that is lovely. But, sir, I am still but a lover of their christian virtues, and not a true imitator; I believe, however, dear sir, I have a right to-day, to desire you to implore the assistance of grace to strengthen my faith, and to make me worthy to suffer for the truth. Your prayers, no doubt, will have a good effect, and God, whose mercies are without bounds, will render

render them effectual. I love truth and purity, but that love is very feeble, yet as feeble as it is, it has not been always so strong; nay I must tell you, it is not very long that I have received it. I am therefore like a ground new moulded, I begin to have an hunger and thirst after grace, but I have not yet rightly attained it. Now I perceive full well that my disorders have chained me to these fetters. God also disposes me, that I wish no evil to those that are the instruments; on the contrary, when they thought to afflict me, they have done me a great deal of good; so that I now perceive, that true liberty consists in being set free from sin. And this is what I cannot do: For sin still reigns in me; the dominion it has gained over me is too great to be entirely destroyed, which tho' I have been well convinced of its necessity, before I was put into these irons; yet I never set about it in earnest, to practise it with any success, the world and the flesh easily got the better. The unhappy inclination I had for what flattered my passions, made me yield to what I abhorred from the bottom of my soul, and I often experienced the struggle between flesh and spirit, but the spirit seldom gained the victory over the flesh. I will not say that I am at present always in the same condition; for it is true, God has given me grace to eschew many hurtful things, and I oftener get the victory than I could do before, when I was in the world. I must also confess to you with candor and sincerity, that I wanted no less affliction to make me know my error, and to force me from the embraces of that treacherous voluptuousness, which blinded the eyes of my understanding, and hindered me from looking into my heart to examine its conduct. The Lord had sent me very sore trials, by which he had begun in me the work of regeneration, and at the age of sixteen I began to know my duty very well: And this same knowledge it is, which makes me now the more culpable before God, because I knew the will of God without doing it. I did often put my hand to the plough, but had always a hankering after those things I had left behind. God has at last provided for these unhappy disorders, and has increased my afflictions, but they touch only the body; the spirit is afflicted, but that is for having offended God.

O sir! this is the just cause of my sadness, and I am very sorry that I cannot be sad enough, nor can sufficiently acknowledge the patience the Lord has had with me, in sparing me with so great a charity, when I had abused the graces, he had bestowed upon me, by plunging myself into all sorts of pollutions, and committing a thousand abominations, of which He himself is the witness. Judge, sir, yourself, whether I

have not reason to rejoice, that God has so happily conducted me to these chains. Would to God I had been here ten years ago, and that I had begun from that time to devote all the remaining hours I had to live in this world of iniquity. I must not forget to tell you, that there is not the least glimpse of piety here, except amongst those that confess the Lord Jesus; all the rest are but wicked people. It would pierce your heart if I should undertake to give you an idea of it; but I wave that. Upon this consideration, have I not great reason to rejoice, that I am so happily arrived in this place, since the Lord has made the way of salvation known to me, and at the same time made me walk in it, though in truth it is with trembling! But I hope, that in his mercy he will finish his good work. He has begun in me by his infinite grace.

You may believe, sir, that I took care to write to my friends in England, whilst I was at St Malo, but all this to no purpose: For my friends had got two captains to be detained prisoners, which they were obliged to maintain two months upon their own charge, and at last were forced to let them go. But God would have it so. I was perhaps the only one of your congregation, that had not felt the rod with which God has so severely chastised you; and since I was not better than others, but on the contrary, the worst of all, God has made me sensible of it in a severe, yet most efficacious and salutary manner. However this doth not hinder my friends still to try all means to procure my liberty, but I do verily believe; that it is all in vain, so that I am sorry for their pains they take about me. At least, if it is not a general liberty, they will hardly obtain a particular one, especially for all those who have not made shipwreck of their faith, of which number I am, by the grace of God, one. But, as I said before, that I am no better than others, the sad members of your desolate congregation hardly improve by the adversities the Lord has sent them, and the ruins of Sion do not make them hardly shed a tear.

From St Malo I writ to my father at Moise, for an attestation of my going out of the kingdom before the publication of the king's prohibition. There were above thirty persons that had signed it. I am not ungrateful for their service, altho' it has not produced the fruit I expected, to prove my naturalization legitimate. I have writ several times since, and had but two answers, the last of which was dated in the month of May last. I have writ eight times since; but cannot imagine what may be the reason of their profound silence.

I cannot

I cannot deny, but that I have taken great pains upon their account, so that I have reproached myself for my too great complaisance upon the subject of religion. But I am resolved to write no more, since they have not favoured me with an answer.

It is now ten months since I have heard from my father, but that doth not surprize me; for when my father and mother forsook me, the Lord took me up. Neither have I had any news of my wife and children since I have been a prisoner: But that is a different case, she living above 1500 leagues from Europe, and the vessels that come from thence may be lost or taken. I have heard from Mr Boiteux at Amsterdam, that the vessel I had ransomed is not arrived at a good port, through the ignorance of the pilot, who instead of going to New England, went to Teneriffe, which belongs to the Canary islands, and where the governor seized it, because it was a French prize, and that country belongs to Spain. Thus another evil is added to my chains; but about all this I console myself by the grace of God. I must not forget to tell you, that we have one of our chief members in our suffering society, that salutes you as one whom you know, and who has visited you in your prison at Xaintes, when Mr du Vigier afflicted the pastors of our quarters. This faithful confessor is one of the first that have been sent here for the sake of religion, whose name is Mr le Fever; since we have mentioned you in some of our letters, by which means I learnt that he knew you. Pray for him, sir, I beseech you, as well as for me; and if you please, do not forget the rest of our fellow-sufferers. I conjure you by the love you bear to Jesus Christ, to pray for us in publick and in private, that our sufferings may be made acceptable to God, by the purity of our manners, and the holiness of our lives. I humbly salute you and your whole dear family, and remain with a profound respect,

SIR,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

ELIAS NEAU.

The ANSWER of a Pastor to the Letter of a Confessor of JESUS CHRIST, who was condemned to the gallies, and fettered to the chain at Marseilles.

My very dear brother in our
Common Redeemer,

THE grace of our Lord Jesus, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you, and with all those that suffer for righteousness. If I have delay'd till now to answer your letter of the ninth of last April (for your first I have not received) it has neither been through negligence or forgetfulness, I assure you, my dear brother. For how could I forget such a worthy confessor of Jesus Christ, that gives me so great consolations, and who gives so great edification to the church! And how should I not remember all your faithful companions, whose faith and bonds are so famous throughout all the world. Jerusalem, said formerly the royal prophet, in the desolation of the church, and in the affliction of his heart, "O Jerusalem, if I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!" I say as much of you all, I cannot forget you. You make one of the chief articles in my prayers, day and night. I remember you in publick and in private. For I have learned to weep with those that are in tears; and reflect upon the prisoners as if I was in prison with you; and this so much more, since I myself have had the experience of their sufferings, which makes me more sensible of their calamity, and their pain more bitter to me.

If I have not answered you sooner, Satan has hindered me. The accuser of God's children had a design to rob me of that crown of honour I have wore till now; nay his endeavours went so far, that I was a great while employed to repel the inflamed darts of those he had employed to ruin me. For he has set enemies at work within and without, and has raised, false brethren and people attached to that pernicious society, which is the cause of all the mischief that is at this day transacted in the world. And he has not only kept them to their damnable artifices, but a plot of wickedness they had laid against me, and which I call a mystery of iniquity, had almost involved me in the greatest misfortune that ever could have befallen me. But God has defeated the counsel of the wicked, and has happily made me the glorious triumph
over

over the efforts of Satan, to the confusion of all his tools. You may see by this, my dear brother, that we are not exempt here from his persecutions, and in the midst of all the consolations, our superiors have granted us in our evils, we are not without our thorns, as you have your crosses. The envy, jealousy, and hatred raise us enemies enough; but God shall be always our God and our Protector. After this attack, which has made one a publick sight of angels and men, God has visited me with a long and dangerous illness, which the physicians thought mortal, and I thought so myself. But He who sends to the sepulchre, and raises from thence, has restored me to the zeal of so many faithful souls, who by their pious prayers have interceded for me and my family; and, amongst others, the Dutch pastor of this town, to whom I owe the testimony of my acknowledgments. And every time I remember that sad condition I was in then, I say with David: "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the overflowings of ungodliness made me afraid. I found trouble and sorrow, but I called upon the name of the Lord, saying, O Lord deliver my soul!" and He has delivered me. In this good time, my soul lives, it shall praise the Lord. Returning from these attacks, and my spirit enjoying some liberty, I come to you, my dear brother, to tell you, that upon reading your letter, I was seized with two very different and opposite motions, which were sorrow and joy. O how great was my sorrow, when, instead of believing you at Boston in New-England, and consequently sheltered from the storm, I perceived you in France, and at Marseilles, to be made a gally-slave, and loaded with heavy chains: And all this for keeping your conscience pure, by not making a breach of your faith, nor bowing your knees to the idol, nor denying our Saviour, who has redeemed you.

O the abyss of the adorable providence of Him who governs all things, and directs them to the ends of his purpose! You thought betimes upon means to escape the persecution of the first dragonnade in Poitou and Xaintonge, fearing the same fate of many other unhappy souls that fell into their hands, you followed the command of Jesus Christ: "When they persecute you in one place, flee into another," &c. You went to seek for quietness as far as the West-Indies. You further retired to New-England, where you was naturalized, and found your abode in Boston, where God blessed your labour, and gave you temporal goods, a wife and dear children; and in the midst of these advantages, being under the protection of a great and potent monarch, king WILLIAM,
you

you could have never believed, that France would have condemned you to the gallies, since you was taken upon the high seas by its privateers, above a thousand leagues distant from your own country ; for you was gone from thence before the king's declaration, which contained the prohibition, was published. Jonas thought well to embark himself to go to Tarsis, when he ought to have preached to the inhabitants of Ninive, and to be an example of their conversion. Boston was not the place where you should shew the fruits of repentance ; it was Marseilles where your fetters should be of edification, and where the sanctity of your life should be an example to so many sinners, a great deal more corrupt than the Ninivites were formerly. It is for that end God has permitted it, that people have committed so sensible an injustice, as to condemn you without law, which was not given but since you left the kingdom, and your right of naturalization ought to have tied the hands of injustice. But God had predestinated you to confess the name of Jesus Christ before tribunals, and to bear his livery, which is the cross before men. God had given you riches, He found it good to take them again. — “ The Lord had given, and the Lord has taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord ! ” It is he that has called and chosen you even in the new world, not only to believe in, but also to suffer for his name's sake. For it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God, who accomplisheth his grace in you. And this teaches us neither to depend upon human prudence, nor upon worldly riches, nor upon the promises of men. By this we learn never to trust to our ownelves in any thing, but that in the midst of our ease and quietness, when we are not actually suffering, we should be always readily disposed, wherever we are, or in what condition we may find ourselves, to suffer when God calls us, to be confessors and martyrs by vow. My sadness is enhanced, when I recollect in my mind the cruelties they put you to. For how can I represent to myself that you are treated like a slave, loaded with heavy chains, among such wretches, whose crimes have brought them to the gallies, without suffering with you, whose virtue suffers so much in the midst of their vices ? How can I think on the redoubled blows, you receive from a cruel commander on your naked back, without shivering ? How can I reflect in my mind, that you often suffer hunger and thirst, that you are exposed to heat and cold, without being affected myself ? These, my dear brother, are the evils, which you suffer, and which I suffer with you, as a member of the same body. —

And

And all the remedies I can apply here, are the most fervent prayers to God, that he would be pleased to support you under these great trials, to sweeten your smarting bitter-nesses, to bend and soften the hearts of your tyrants, and to grant you all things necessary both for the body and the soul: And do not doubt, that I am intent to solicit also the assistance of other charitable souls, that are able to refresh your bowels, and those of your fellow-sufferers. We do what is in our power in this respect; but above all, to pray to God for you. Arm yourself with patience, as I pray God, from the bottom of my heart, to bestow the same upon you, and comfort yourself with this, that your pains are of no long duration, but will soon have an end; but your goods shall last to eternity, and never have an end. "For our light afflictions, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more and exceeding weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Remember, that as great as your afflictions are, and as violent the fury of the enemies of truth, which you confess may be, they cannot make you suffer more than God permits; for he has put limits to the sea, and as high as it swells its waves, he has said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further". At last remember, that if you suffer with Jesus Christ, you shall also reign with him; that from his high heaven he looks down upon his flock fighting under his banner, and calls to you, "Be faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life".

I told you also, that by reading your letter I had also a motion of joy; for blessed be God, that he has furnished us with witnesses of his truth, and made them come, as it were, even from the ends of the world. The last dragonade reproached us in our great prosperity, that we could not suffer the loss of our temporal goods, and that we saw no martyr among us. Alas! It is but too true, that we have seen a terrible baseness in many, one should have thought to be very staunch. We have seen the strong in Israel become weakness itself; the husbands giving a bad example to their wives, the wives have seduced their husbands, the cruel parents have brought their tender children as innocent victims to the altar of idols; and what is the greatest scandal of all, that we have seen the stars themselves fall from the heaven of the church. It is but too true, that the wild boars are entered into the vineyard of the Lord, and made a great ha-

vock there. It is but too true, that whole troops have been devoured by cruel and blood-thirsty wolves ; but that there is “ a residue left according to the election of grace ;” and that, to stop the mouths of these insolent conquerors, we have seen martyrs generously mount the scaffolds, and shed their blood to seal that truth they had confessed with their mouths. And if the most artificial and the most insupportable persecution would have had more, they might have counted millions, as we have seen by those illustrious confessors, whose unshaken constancy during many years imprisonment, has forced them to let them go out of the kingdom, as they may see by the number of those that have recovered themselves, and of those that are still to this day imprisoned in castles and fortresses, in dungeons and convents ; and as one sees them in the gallies by you, my dear brother, and your dear fellow-sufferers, my well beloved brethren, which I place not only among the number of confessors, but among the martyrs of our Lord Jesus ; the offers they made you at St. Malo, and at Rennes, by the president and the parliament, are of the same nature with what the devil made to our Saviour, when he carried him into a high mountain, and said, “ All this I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down and “ worship me ”. For what did they not promise ? Money, a vessel, liberty, the favour and protection of great men in the world, as they offered us formerly pensions and preferment. But the same spirit which inspired your Saviour made you say after him, “ Get thee behind me Satan : ” And your firmness made you intirely reject all these offers, and made you prefer with Moses the reproach of Jesus Christ before the delights of Egypt, rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. And in effect, what would it profit a man, if he did gain all the world and lose his own soul ? Or what would a man give to ransom his soul ? Well then, my dear brother, enjoy your choice, and glory in it ; for as hard as it is for the flesh, be perswaded it is the choice of Mary, you have chosen the better part, that shall never be taken from you ; since tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope makes not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.

I rejoice again, and thank God, that having thought you worthy to suffer for his name, he may give you grace to sanctify your sufferings by the conquests you have got over yourself. And you may know by this, my dear brother, that the spirit of God acts powerfully upon you, and that he perfects

perfects his strength in your weakness : You know it, and you feel it, you say, though your flesh still struggles against it : When it makes you say, with the apostle, who will deliver me from this body of death ? The Spirit makes you say, I can do all things through Christ, which strengthens me ; and you say with him, O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory ! The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. With St. Paul you say, Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ; and you add, shall the gallies and the torments that attend them ? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us ; for I am persuaded, that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. The very fetters you are loaded with unite you to him : For besides, that by our sufferings we are made conformable to Jesus Christ, the prince of our salvation, who has been consecrated by afflictions. You can tell him in your circumstances, Here I am, O my God, to do thy will ; and if thou shouldst kill me, yet I will hope in thee. It is the Lord, let him do what is pleasing in his sight.

The reflection you make upon my desolate flock goes to my very heart. It is true, my dear brother, that the flock which was committed to my charge in France, and which I cannot forget, doth not do its duty. That dear flock, over which I have watched full sixteen years, and for which I was not afraid to appear before the intendants, and the most passionate governors, and for which I can say, to have suffered reproach, has very ill answered my exhortations and their engagements. The persons that made up our congregation, had protested solemnly, and with tears more than once, to be faithful to God. And although my last imprisonment for ten months, and my exile for eight years since, had shewed them the way they should take, by forsaking all, as I have done ; nevertheless, they could not bear the loss of their goods, nor their liberty, which keeps them now in a cruel slavery. Few have left Babylon, and even among those that had left it, Daniel Barbier, tired with a lazy and debauched life, is returned to the mire, and the testimony he has got from hence, and from England, is not advanta-

geous to him. He was among us, but was not of us ; and those who take the name of refugees dishonour the profession ; and when the body is purged of these excrements, it is all the better. May God convert him, and grant him a better mind. Some are dead, and many that sleep have great need to be awakened. Would to God that your example, and your bonds, might in some measure contribute something to so salutary a work. O ! would to God they might hear the voice that calls to them, “ Awake thou that sleepest, “ and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.” That this voice might awaken those miserable sinners, which have sold their consciences for those places, one could not occupy formerly without bearing the mark of the beast, and which one can’t keep now, without doing that which the papists call a duty, viz. all those acts of idolatry which are practised in the Romish church. An horror seizes me when I think, that those who have known the truth, and tasted of the heavenly gifts, should thus forget Christ. Good God ! How can the judges have the conscience to condemn a man for not having been at mass ? For not having assisted at a procession, for not having kept a saint’s day, for not having bowed his knees before an idol, for not having sent his children to be catechised, where they themselves are convinced, that their hearts are poisoned with the errors they teach there, and lead the heart to idolatry. The innocent person they condemn, doth he not impeach their conscience, and will he not rise in judgment against them, if he doth not rise already ? And what is most afflicting is this, that amongst them one finds some who have preached the word of truth, that have been ministers and lecturers, are become miserable apostates, which I will not compare to Judas, but favour them with saying, that they are like Demas, that have loved this present evil world. I range amongst this number all those that among us have had the honourable charge of elders, and are now made presidents, counsellors, sheriffs, advocates, procurators, notaries, ushers, serjeants, bayliffs, to take up, imprison, and condemn their brethren, only because they keep close to their faith, or repent of their fall, at a time when their conscience reproaches them of something worse than cowardice. Alas ! thus it is when God forsakes those that abandon his known truth. And thus it is when the stars of the church become frightful comets, who by an habit to injustice they fall into downright error, that at last they believe lies. “ O the depth of the riches both of the “ wisdom and knowledge of God ! How unsearchable are his

his judgments, and his ways past finding out? I have writ in general to that dear flock, and to several in particular: But as far as I can apprehend, they dare neither speak nor write. They are convinced of their crime, even those, who by an horrible hypocrisy pretend to be persuaded, confess they have done ill, and yet continue to do so. And when one tells them, give God the glory, the world steps in and blinds them. The flesh seduces them, and the devil lulls them asleep. One cannot leave his wife, another his children, which he says he will bring up in the knowledge of the truth: In the mean time these children are taken and put into convents, and there delivered into the hands of the missionaries and jesuits.

Another cannot leave his house, his land, and his vineyard, which he would fain carry away with him, for fear of starving in a foreign country, as it happened with Lot's wife looking back, when she left Sodom, as if one must not quit all to follow Jesus Christ, when he calls us, as you have done, my dear brother: For neither the remembrance of your dear wife, nor loving children, have hindered you from doing your duty, having learned, that he who loves father, mother, brother, wife, children, &c. more than Jesus Christ, is not worthy of him. These are the fetters which keep these miserable people back. In the mean time they do not want examples, which they have daily before their eyes, of such as rise again by the grace of God. Whole families land in these provinces, and in England, where they often arrive in whole troops. They see others, that are sent into exile, many of which number are the chief of the Tremblade, as Mr. Chaveau of Marennes, sent prisoner to the castle of Nantes, Mr. Rangeard physician of St. John d'Angles, who after he had been a long time in exile, and banished to Menlufen, is at present at Thoulouse, that cruel city, which has persecuted the faithful to the utmost extremity. That murdering city has now that confessor of Jesus Christ in its bosom. But all these examples gain nothing upon hardened hearts, yet mollified by the ease of the world. O God! make them hear thy voice; O God! omnipotent and merciful, who raisest the dead, and who callest the things that are not, as if they were, breathe upon those dry bones, and they shall revive, say but the word and they shall be healed.

Many amongst them will say, I have not changed the faith, I believe still, what I did before, I do not espouse the errors of the Romish church, I take no part in their idolatrous

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worship. And as Lot dwelt in Sodom without participating of the impurity of that abominable city, and Daniel, in the midst of Babylon, without adhering to their idolatries; So may I live among papists without being a papist myself. I reserve my heart for God, who knows its motions and intention. These are the frivolous excuses our poor abused people make, as if God could be mocked, and as if they were not obliged to confess Jesus Christ with their mouth, if they believe in him: For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. And these two things are inseparable: If thou shalt confess, says St. Paul, with thy mouth, the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart, that God has raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. And we must not only praise God in our spirit, but also in our body, which belongs to him, and which he has purchased. How can this, what they say, agree with what they practise? They go to mass, as if the temple of idols, and the temple of God were all one and the same. They assist at the pretended sacrifice of the mass, which is an abominable sacrifice, and to which I could apply what St. Paul says, 1 Cor. x. 20. They hear their false prophets and their lying preachers, as if Christ and Belial spoke the same language. By and by they will be accustomed to do like others, without having any horror of entering into those places, where Christ is crucified afresh, and where they are convinced, God, whom they call their father, is blasphemed; and if they do not approve it inwardly, they approve it by their presence, and outwardly are spectators. And this is what pierces my very soul; for they cannot serve two masters at once, God and Mammon, and the most favourable thing one can say of our temporisers is, that they are lukewarm. But they should remember what was said to the angel of the church of Laodicea, I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth; and their intention will not shelter them from the justice of Him, who sees and knows all the secret corners of our hearts. And as a woman that prostitutes her body, cannot avoid the letter of divorce, by saying, that she reserved her heart for her husband, altho' her body commits adultery; so can these miserable souls never find an excuse before God, who abhors hypocrites and double hearts. O, my dear brother, let us pray, and to you in particular, as well as I in publick and private, and your glorious fellow-sufferers, those glorious confessors of Jesus Christ, join with us to pray for those

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unhappy souls, that the Lord would rekindle their zeal, that they may recover it again, repent, and do their first works. Let us pray to Him to raise up them that are fallen, to settle those that are wavering, to strengthen those that are weak, and at last to bestow his grace to these sinners that have scandalized us so highly. We have already seen some effects of our prayers; in respect to some in their dying hours. Mr. Texter, John Billeband, your cousin Madam Guerineau, Mr. Emers the physician, and but lately Mr. Parris the apothecary, who died in the Lord, begging pardon of God for their sins with tears, to the confusion of the priest, that would still seduce them; and they have obtained mercy; you see, my dear brother, where I find some consolation. And you have not forgot the cruel treatment done some years ago to the corpse of Elizabeth Jarnac at Soubise, for being returned again in a glorious manner, at the hour of her death, in the presence of the priest. But these barbarities are ceased, because the authors have been ashamed of it, who seeing their rage and unmerciful fury, that animated them after the death of the faithful, did not at all hinder the recovery of many more in every where of all ages and sexes, and of all conditions.

I think you very happy, my dear brother, for not consulting with flesh and blood, when the question was about confessing Jesus Christ. The flesh told you, casting your eyes upon Boston, there is my wife and my children, what will become of them? But I am assured that the spirit, to parry these attacks, told you, God is the husband of widows, and the father of orphans. Those that are of his election will never perish, for the ground of God stands firm; he knows those that are his, none can take them out of his hands; and he has promised that he will be our God, and the God of our posterity after us. Be likewise assured, my dear brother, that his providence, who nourishes the birds of the air, and provides for their necessities, will not fail to furnish necessities for those that love and fear him. My grace shall not depart from thee, says the Lord; he is our sword and buckler; he gives grace and glory, and withholds no good from them that walk in integrity. We experience this in these happy provinces, where all places are full of refugees. They experience it in England, in Ireland, in Germany, and Switzerland, where there are great numbers, and where God by his grace provides for their lives. Those that do not enjoy plenty, have however what is necessary for the body. And what is more to be valued, we have there the heavenly pasture in
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abundance, and enjoy a full liberty in the time, when so many of our poor brethren are starving for want of the word of God, and are chained up in their conscience.

The objections the missionaries made you in your prison, after you had been condemned, on purpose to disturb your joy and comfort you had in suffering for righteousness sake, by telling you, that you should not think yourself innocent in going to the gallies, since you had disobeyed your natural prince : This objection was most fit for them; but it was fit for you to tell them, that one must never obey nor please men to the prejudice of God's command. Thus the apostle Peter and St John told the governors that had imprisoned them, and did forbid them to speak or teach in the name of Jesus. Judge ye, whether it be right in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God. And those miserable wretches, who are wilfully blind in the passage of St Paul, that we ought to obey our superiors not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake, would fain have it, since they knew our doctrine before hand, that religion obliges us to obey our sovereigns, not only for fear of punishment, but for the love of virtue. Had they not read the articles of our confession of faith, which says : We hold, that we ought to obey the laws and statutes of our superiors, who are the vicegerents and officers of God ; that we ought to pay tributes, imposts, and other duties, and bear the yoke of subjection with a good and free will, though they are infidels, provided the sovereign empire of God is kept intire. For although one would give to kings and magistrates, our sovereigns, a right over our goods and bodies, yet God alone has the sole empire over our souls, and our consciences depend upon none but him. And St Paul would say nothing else in that passage, by which they would blind our eyes, but this, that one ought to submit to the higher powers in all those things, that are not forbid by the law of God, not only for wrath's sake, i. e. because we cannot resist them without being punished, and without incurring their displeasure, but also for conscience sake, i. e. because the word of God obliges our consciences. For if one would extend these words further, and follow the sense of those seducers, must one not say, that St Paul means, that one should sacrifice to false Gods, if one lived under a heathen prince who commanded it ? So Daniel and the three Hebrew children had done wrong, in not obeying the king of Babylon, and letting themselves be thrown, one into the lions den, and the others into the fiery furnace, rather than to adore the statue of the king.

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At this rate St Paul himself did ill by suffering his head to be struck off by Nero, rather than sacrifice to his idols, if one ought to obey a prince not only for wrath, but also for conscience-sake, in All Things; whereas he saith: "If we ourselves, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

What you suffered upon your long and painful march, when they carried you to the gallies, you shewed us, my dear brother, that God had called you to more than one sort of sufferings, that one evil came upon the heel of another, just as the messengers of Job followed one another to bring the sad tidings. This is the fate of the children of God, who experience very often that one abyss calls to another. But in the end the Lord makes known, that he doth every thing for his glory, and the good of those that are his. It is for this end that he did not permit you to turn back, nor to be overcome by the weight; he rather strengthened you, and proportioned his grace and power to your misery and weakness, for which his holy name be blessed.

We knew already, that the pious and holy conversation of our dear brethren, your fellow-sufferers, had begot, like St Paul, other Onesimus's in their bonds; and that the sanctity of their lives, like a smell of sweet favour, has brought them at last to Christ; and you yourself have been fortified by it, according to the testimony you give them, which is to us a great joy, and singular edification. — O what a difference is this, my dear brother, between the conversation of the world, where ill companies corrupt good manners, and your holy and christian behaviour, which converts sinners, and snatches them from Satan, to bring them to God! O happy confessors of the Lord Jesus, who give so great an example, and are of so great an edification to us, that we must say with the apostle: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us. Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

And the more I read your letter, the more I am content to find in it such a spirit of the gospel, that it lays before us the misery of our natural state of corruption, under which we are by sin, and which humbles us with the publican to

say with him: "O Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" But what consolation must you feel when grace repairs this defect, as you say you have begun to feel it. Wherefore rouse up your courage, my dear brother, for that is a good sign and an holy disposition, God has bestowed upon you: And He who has begun that good work in you, will finish it, for He never leaves his work imperfect; and "His gifts and calling are without repentance." If you cry, he will answer you; if you groan, he will solace you; if you pray, he will hear you. And if your soul should be more distressed, it is from Him flow those waters, that spring up into everlasting life, and those salutary waters, of which those that drink, shall thirst no more for ever.

O how happy are those that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be satisfied. Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, cries the prophet on his part. The name of the gallies, where you are, ought to increase your courage, and to animate you with a new force of spirit. The soldier doth not exert his valour, but upon an occasion; the incense doth not exhale its fragrancy, but when it is put into the fire; and the rose sends her sweet smell from amongst the thorns. So you likewise, my dear brother, as a true soldier of Jesus Christ, fight valiantly, that you may obtain the victory. For he that overcometh, shall sit upon his throne. May the sacrifices of your prayers mount up like an incense to God, and spread a sweet flavour in God's nostrils: To the end, that as a rose and a sacred lilly among thorns, you may preserve the beauty of your soul, the purity of your conscience, and the holiness and sweet odour of your life, even among those wretches they have given you as companions, and whose impiety are a perpetual offence to you.

It is the duty of a christian in your circumstances, my dear brother, not to wish any evil to those that have condemned you, as you assure me you do not. You have learnt to bless those that curse you, and to pray for them that despitefully use you, according to the example of Him, for whom you suffer, and who prayed upon the cross for those that crucified Him: "Father forgive them, for they do not know what they do." The wicked, in short, are but the instruments in the hand of God, which should oblige us to raise our minds even to him, who strikes us, and say to Him: "Thy judgments, O Lord, are righteous." But as for them, we must leave them to His judgments: For after he has chastised his children, he throws the rods into the fire.

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Though you have not mentioned Mr Francis Bridon, one of my dear sheep, he knows however, that I love him particularly for his meekness, piety, and zeal, which he shewed since the first persecution, forsaking all, though he had a pretty good estate. Assure him, if you please, of my affection in the Lord. And if you can see him, let him read my letter, and tell him, that I pray to God to support and strengthen him to the end. Be pleased to go the like to Mr le Fever, whose weak and tender constitution did not permit me to hope he could have held out these eight years, as he has done, and endured all the fatigues and miseries of a galley-slave. But I perceive he is like those faithful antients, of whom St Paul speaks, that from being sick, they are become sound and whole. Above these eight years I have prayed for him. Pray tell him that Mrs Lattai is gone to Ireland, and Mr Moufnier and Brossard are at London. The latter has his wife and children still in France, and is now above seven years since he left France. My dear cousin, Madam de Fongermain and her daughter, are at Steinberg about two leagues from hence, and every time we meet we remember him in our prayers; assure him that I love him very affectionately in our Lord, and that I wish him and you, and all our generous confessors, an happy deliverance. In the mean time, my dear brethren, possess your souls in patience. Yet a little while, and the Comforter will come. And when the Rewarder of our works shall appear, you will after the combat find the victory and triumph, after affliction the consolation, after reproach the glory will follow; and at last, after you have been faithful, He will give you the crown of life. I beseech Him from my heart to grant you that grace.

Adieu, my dear brother, I embrace you a thousand times in our Lord, and so I do all our brave confessors, my very dear and honoured brethren, and your fellow-soldiers. The grace and peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen. I am with all my heart,

Your very humble, and very obedient servant and
brother in our Lord,

Bergopzom,
Sept. 6, 1694.

J. MORIN, Pastor.

P. S. My wife and children salute you, Mr le Fever and Mr Bridon, and pray with me for you. Pray you likewise for us. Mr Michel Moufnier, your cousin, kisses your hands, and takes part in your sufferings. Adieu.

This letter was designed for a consolation of our faithful confessor, but did not come to his hands, because, as has been said already, he had been removed from the galleys, and clapped up in the prison of the castle at Marseilles.

The patience he shewed in all those trials, wonderfully edified all those that were witnesses of it. His pious and christian discourses engaged the attention of the whole crew. The example he gave of an holy and religious life, attended with a sweetness which is the real character of christianity, made him to be admired by the most wicked wretches. The horror he shewed against all sin, the care he took to convince those that were in error, and to inspire the depraved with a sense of holiness, made many to profit by his good instructions, but many more profited by his example, so that they began to say with the Jews of old, when they heard St Peter's sermon: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And thus it happened that this dear confessor in following our Saviour's command: "Let your light so shine before men," saw the fruit of what the kind Redeemer adds: "That they may glorify your Father which is in heaven." For there were many that gave glory to God by being converted. And this was what irritated the chaplain of the galley so much against Neau, that he contrived all the means his hatred could inspire him with, to redouble his pains, till he was tired with making him suffer, and so ill used; for he saw after all, that our confessor had an invincible aversion for the Romish worship and the mass, which he always looked upon as an abominable idolatry, and at which they could never force him to assist, whatever violent means they used against him. This chaplain then demanded that he might be taken out of the galley, looking upon him as a pestiferous and poisonous fellow, loading him with a thousand injuries, and doing as many outrages against him, protesting at the same time, that he would read no more mass, as long as he was in the galley. And thus he got him at last to be transported to the citadel. But our confessor had reason to say with David: "Though they curse, yet bless thou, O Lord my God," Ps. cix. 27.

It was the fifth of May, 1694, when he was put into a dark hole. The governor who commanded in that castle, died shortly after, to the great regret of our confessor, because
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he was not of that savage and unmerciful temper, which a blind and furious zeal pushes them incessantly to torment those that fall into their hands. This governor permitted Elias Neau to write at any time to his friends to remember his necessities, and to support him under his misery, upon condition to read those bills he writ for. By these means he made known the condition he was in, for he acquainted one of his cousin germans, Peter Neau at Amsterdam, that he was shut up in the castle at Marseilles to deprive him of writing. In his letter he says: ‘I had the honour
‘yesterday, my dear and honoured cousin, to receive your
‘letter. You may well be apprised, that it is not but without great difficulty to write or receive any letters since they
‘have put me here to hinder me from writing: But God,
‘says he, has means, men know nothing of. Your letter has
‘surprised and rejoiced me at the same time; for you acquaint
‘me not only with the news of my dearest cousins, but also
‘of the whole family, and of that dear cousin, Henry Neau,
‘I love with all my heart. You know very well, that it is
‘seven years ago, I have not had the honour of seeing you,
‘and that is the very reason of my surprise. I knew very
‘well that you was a refugee, for my dear sister Susan
‘sent me word of it about five years ago, when she went to
‘New England, according to my desire, where she was married about three years ago to a very honest and wise man of
‘the Tremblade. I congratulate you, dear cousin, to the
‘increase of your family, and I pray to my God to bless it,
‘and grant you the satisfaction to attend and educate them
‘to his glory.” And upon mentioning that his friends were loath to write to him for fear his enemies might take an occasion, if they perceived it, to increase his sufferings, he answered: What do you apprehend, my dear cousin, by writing to me! What can they do to me here, as long as they won’t ease me of my chains, and set me at liberty, which however I do not desire as yet? But I wish to glorify my Creator in my bonds of flesh and irons. I am content, provided the Great Name of the Lord is praised in all; and you tell me, that the same is glorified in me by the dear members of Christ, which have made themselves exiles to avoid making shipwreck of their faith. I rejoice, whenever they praise him for the benefits he has done them. My only aim is to make the praise of the Lord known in all nations, if I were able. If I could make the walls of my prison sing, and make them rehearse the songs of praises to my God, I should do it with pleasure. However, that doth not hinder me with heart and mouth to magnify the name of His holiness. But, my dear
cousin,

cousin, I am too little to praise that adorable name, as I ought. Assist me, I desire you, to bless him; but what do I say, you have already begun, for you tell me, that you pray for me, for which I thank you: The thanks render'd by many are an effectual balsam, that soften my wounds, that are deep and infected. May the Almighty God, and the God of truth hear you from his throne, and replenish you with as much purity in your manners, as you are in faith to his glory, and the salvation of your souls. I am very much obliged to Mr Gorgeon, who, you say, has enquired after me and my family; I do not deserve to be regarded by that honest gentleman, not having the honour to know him. My family is not in Europe, but in New England, and consists of two little children; the first fruits of our marriage was a girl, which God took from us the eighth day after it was born. I left my dear wife upon the point of being brought to bed, she had but one little boy eighteen months old, who began to speak. I have been two years without hearing from them, but at last the Lord had pity on me, and sent me some news of them by the hands of Messieurs le Boiteux, which I had neither ink nor paper to answer, so I was obliged to write with a pencil to those gentlemen, which was all I had about me.

After the death of the governor, I mentioned before, the major of the citadel took the command upon him, who not being able to endure to hear our confessor sing the praises of God so often, he removed him to another dungeon of the castle, where he stayed till the month of July 1696, when they transported him to the dungeons in the castle d'Ye, which is a tower raised upon a rock in the midst of the sea, half a league from Marseilles. So that he stayed 27 months in the castle of Marseilles.

This major, of whom I speak, left him no consolation at all, either for writing or reading; on the contrary, he took away his books, ink and paper. But God, who is to be magnified in finding means, when he vouchsafes to favour to his children, found some to our confessor, and that was a pencil, which he found accidentally in the bottom of his pocket, by which he made his circumstances known, and desired some support he wanted. The chief of which he begged were books of piety and devotion. And God furnished him with an English Bible, and by this means he found abundance of consolation the remaining time of his imprisonment. But this, however, was not without great difficulty: For they watched him narrowly, and did as
much

much as they could to hinder him from writing. Notwithstanding all this, he made known, that God was so good to him, that he not only gave him some spiritual comforts, but furnished him also with means to have an intercourse with his friends. To him, said he, be all praise, power, glory and majesty forever.

He suffered, however, a great deal in this terrible dungeon, for the dampness of it touched his breast so much, that they writ from Marseilles, they were afraid of his life. But, although his sufferings were very hard, yet he was so fully resigned to the will of God, that writing upon this subject; It is the charge, saith he, the Lord has imposed upon me, His yoke is easy, and his burden is light, for he himself maketh it light and agreeable.

One may perceive the disposition of his mind better by perusing a letter he wrote since to one of his other confessors, who bore his pains so generously, that I may well call him one of our illustrious confessors. You see here, how he speaks to him.

‘ The ardour of your charity has so charmed my heart,
‘ that I cannot forbear to cry out with the perfect lover of
‘ the Lord: My soul is satisfied as with marrow and fatness,
‘ and my mouth praises him with songs of gladness. Thou
‘ art my strong God, whom I shall celebrate. Thou art my
‘ God, whose praises I shall sing all the days of my life.
‘ Praise is well-becoming to those that fear the Lord. The
‘ sacrifice you have made to him, by sending me this Bible,
‘ is acceptable to him, and I firmly believe, that the odour
‘ of thanksgiving, which I render him, mount up to the
‘ throne of his infinite mercy, and are well-pleasing to him
‘ in his well-beloved Son. I assure you, that I have found
‘ my heart with the royal prophet to praise the Lord. Praise
‘ the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his
‘ holy name. My soul be thou employed to glorify his holy
‘ name. O God, I will declare the praise of thy name
‘ among the nations, and will publish thy righteousness with
‘ songs of triumph. O how sweet is the Lord, and how ad-
‘ mirable is the smell of his perfumes. It is a balsam, which
‘ disperses itself in all the faculties of those souls that adore
‘ him in spirit and truth. It inspires the inmost center of
‘ my soul with a loving fear, which ardently desires to glo-
‘ rify him in all the duties of a perfect obedience. His
‘ brightness dispels my darkness, which was more palpable
‘ than that of Egypt. The sweetness of his grace, which he
‘ vouchsafes me to taste in meditating upon his liberalities,
leaves

' leaves no room in my heart for any thing that doth not re-
 ' gard Him. But all overjoyed, as I am in the abyfs of his
 ' love, I cry out: "O how great are thy benefits thou haft
 ' prepared for thofe that fear thee: And O my God, what
 ' fhall I render thee for fo great benefits?" Doth not your
 ' heart burn within you, my well beloved brother? And
 ' doth not Jesus Chrift, who is the divine Sun of our fouls,
 ' glance, the moment I fpeak to you, a ray of his divine
 ' face into your foul, to kindle your affections with the fire
 ' of his love? The worldlings are wont to fay to the object of
 ' their hearts, How heavy are their chains! But I fay juft the
 ' contrary: "O Lord, how eafy is thy yoke! and thy bur-
 ' then, how light!" My heart bears it with abundance of
 ' pleafure. How happy are you that for thefe nine years have
 ' always born thefe fweet chains! Your love is like a burn-
 ' ing oven, which communicates its heat to all that approach
 ' it. And how can I call you otherwife than the pearls
 ' of the Lord? You that are the off-fcouring of the world,
 ' the fabled temples of the Holy Spirit; you that are the prey
 ' of lice and bugs, as the jewels of the right hand of the
 ' Almighty; you that are the objects of the hatred and fury
 ' of Satan? O, my dearly beloved brethren, be of good
 ' courage, we are approaching every day nearer the end of
 ' our labours, the iffue then will be the more glorious, the
 ' longer thefe pains have lafted. The judge and faithful wit-
 ' nefs is at the door; if he carries a little it is but to exercife
 ' our faith, our patience, and our fidelity, to let the enemies
 ' of his glory fee the power of his grace by the perfeverance
 ' of his faithful difciples. Yea I fay perfeverance, not only
 ' in our faith, but alfo in our manners, in patience, integrity,
 ' juftice, and in fhort, in all that is agreeable to our Lord,
 ' even in hell amongft devils, as the angels in heaven. Do
 ' not think I flatter you by fpeaking thus; the Lord forbid I
 ' fhould have ftill a treacherous mask. All I fay is a conftant
 ' truth, for which you ought to render all the praife to God.
 ' For it is He, that dwells in your hearts, doth not permit any
 ' impurity to remain there. I know very well that you are
 ' not without faults, and know you are afflicted for them,
 ' and that is the caufe of your greateft trouble. But that
 ' is nothing, for all turns to good to thofe that love God.
 ' And it is neceffary there fhould be fome defects in us to keep
 ' us in humility, without which we could not please God,
 ' becaufe his infinite greatnefs cannot be pleafed but with
 ' hearts that have low thoughts of themfelves. Let this fuf-
 ' fice to prove my fincerity in the opinion I have of you. I
 ' have

have but one more word to say about the enemies of God's glory, which is this, that their condition is very unhappy, for they have eyes and see not. I protest to you that I am very sorry for them, when I hear them sing a *Veni Creator*, and with the same heart, a *Salve Regina*. This raises such a jealousy in me, that I must cry out: 'O Lord, look upon these 'blind miserable wretches, take the hardness of their hearts away, and let them see their sins.'

The mutual flames which were burning in the hearts of these faithful confessors to stir up a reciprocal emulation among themselves for the love of God; these lively exhortations, by which they encouraged one another to perseverance; these self-denials, these fervent desires after holiness, this strong aversion to error, and the pollution of the world: Doth not all this evidently shew, that the same God who had given them to believe, and to suffer, would also grant them perseverance of faith, and steadfastness in tribulation?

As much care they took to deprive Elias Neau of writing to his brethren, God yet made him find means to inform his pastor of the state his soul was in. Nov. 14, 1695, he addressed a letter to him whose extract I here insert, with which the pious reader will be edified, when he finds this dear confessor full of the love of God, and in full hopes of an happy issue of all his combats, which made him sing hymns of thanksgiving to his Creator and glorious Deliverer. —He saith:

Since the Divine Sun of righteousness favours me with a little glimpse of the light of nature, and opens a door to write to you; I believe, sir, that I cannot better employ this moment of time, which I entirely devote to the glory of my Creator. Otherwise I am persuaded, that as unworthy as I am, your goodness will pardon the liberty I take of doing what I am obliged to do. The long and admirable letter you was pleased to send me, obliges me to a singular acknowledgment, though it has not come to my hands. The inspectors of our misery watch us continually, and the sure guard they keep has been the cause of the loss of your dear letter. But I desire you not to be troubled at it, as if your labour had been in vain. For the faithful to the God of my heart, that are in chains, have read it, and have been greatly edified and comforted by it. What you have writ was too sublime for me, and since I was unworthy of it, the Lord has not permitted it to reach me. But what ought to console you about this loss is, that those who have seen it, have a more penetrating

trating spirit, and a more clean heart than I. However I must confess to you with sincerity, that I would fain have it, but there is no help for it, except you had a copy of it left, and would have the goodness to send it me. Since the time I have not had the honour to write to you, I have met with an infinite number of sharp trials, both from men and demons. But who is without trouble in this world! The miserable find a consolation, when they are not alone, but in company, they set all their wits at work to find out some alleviation of their misery, or some encouragement to bear it with more facility. But here I find nothing of all this. Sir, I am alone deprived of all company, observed by the centry, that watch me incessantly. O how unhappy should I be, if the God of my soul did not make me say with assurance: "I am not alone, for I have my well-beloved with me!" In short, sir, it is he alone that dries up my tears with his paternal goodness. But a goodness so great, that the highest seraphims can never express nor publish its infinite praises. I do not pretend, sir, to give you a just description of the mercies the Lord bestows upon me; you know very well that I am not able, but I would impart to you as much as I can with my pen, the graces I know and can express, to the end I may excite you to render thousands of praises to that glorious monarch, who protects me with so many great mercies. But since Satan spreads the snares of vanity in publishing the goodness of my God, I will prevent all that, if I can, that I may not attribute the least praise to myself, the human heart, and particularly mine, is so greedy after. You know me, sir, but not thoroughly. Take your sight off from me, and like an eagle fly to contemplate the Divine Sun, observe his immensity, and penetrate as far as you can, all his grandeur. But I pray you stop to admire his goodness, which has supported me in my sins, without casting me into the gulph of hell. How many millions of souls are in hell, that have not so much deserved it, as I have! But if that same goodness doth not excite you to say to him: "Thy mercies, O God, are higher than the heavens, larger than earth and sea, and deeper than all the abyſſes;" Hear, I beseech you, sir, the eminent goodness of the Supreme Deity which has created the whole universe, and all things therein, without standing in need of them, being infinitely sufficient to himself. I was in the American islands. In that time this Omnipotent God sent me a sharp affliction. Then it was that he began to speak to my heart, and gave me his love; but mine ignorance

rance made me like that blind man, who beheld men like trees, when our adorable Saviour touched his eyes the first time. For I loved God, but I did not know him enough to have him always in my thoughts. I distracted myself impudently among the creatures, yet I perceived always a ray of light glimmering in my heart. And this makes me say, that the christian church has reason to teach, That a sincere faith never is absolutely lost, but that sooner or latter it will produce its fruit of righteousness, because God takes care to lead it to perfection.

Here you see, sir, the beginning of infinite mercy; but since I am here, the good God of my heart has put again his hand not only upon mine eyes, but also his fingers into my ears to open them. He has drained the waters of corruption from my heart; O may that glorious God be blessed for ever, who has vouchsafed to regard such a man as I am! The rays of his face have penetrated my soul, and has melted my crimes, as the ice is melted by the sun. Who can admire enough such a great mercy? This immense charity has made me sensible of the scent of his perfumes to that degree, that the inferior part of my soul jumped for joy in the presence of my God, as David before the ark of the covenant. I can assure you, sir, if I had had an hundred mouths, my soul had willingly prepared every where an agreeable consort of praise to my dear Creator and Redeemer. Do you not admire a God so good, who has made so foolish a piece of flesh as mine is, to desire in spirit to bless God, even to an abomination of all the pleasures of this world? What do you say, sir, to such a goodness? doth it not raise a thousand praises in your heart? I conjure you to join yours with mine, and to pray to this all good and merciful God to enlighten me more and more, and to forgive all my abominations for the love of his well-beloved Son; I have no more so great and sensible consolations, but my God doth not leave me without some testimonies of his goodness. My disorders cause me very great and frequent spiritual afflictions; but my God gives me always courage by the persuasion, that he desires not the death of a sinner, but that he is faithful and just. Since he has begun the good work in me, he will finish it to his great glory and my salvation.

My adorable Saviour promises a hundred fold to those who forsake all for the sake of his love. But I can say to his praise, that he has given me a great deal more, for he makes me prefer one moment of his presence to the longest life and the greatest tranquillity of this world without him. My prison is marvellously converted into a place of liberty. But as we are told

otherwise, that by tribulations we must enter the kingdom of God, these joys do not continue always, for every thing has its proper season. Here is the place of combat; I am in the midst of the enemy's camp: I must conquer, or perish for ever. There is no combat without blows, and no blows without wounds. Wherefore I desire you to do the office of Moses, while Israel fights against Amalek. I have declared to you my misery with candour and sincerity, and the mercies of my God towards me. I conjure you by the blood of that adorable victim, that was offered for us, to ask of him for me, what he knows to be necessary to be faithful to him even in the most frightful death, by an invincible perseverance, grounded upon a firm confidence in the infallible promises he has made us. But though I am in the enemy's camp, or rather in the sea, mixed with fire and ice, this doth not hinder me from singing the song of triumph to the powerful mercy of my God, who always triumphs in my combats. It is that glorious Lord, who tells me: "Fear not thou worm of Jacob, for I am thy protector. And I shall celebrate him as long as I live, and glorify him as long as I have any being. I desire you once more, sir, to beg of him a true humility of heart for me, for it is that chiefly, Satan raises all his batteries against to take the rest of the place. And though I employ all my forces to defend it, yet I gain very little ground. My comfort is however, that God looks upon the combat and the combatants, &c. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you for the pains you have taken for me, who am so unworthy of your regard. Your goodness will excuse my boldness, since it tends only to glorify my God, by declaring the sentiments of my heart. I take the liberty, if you please, to assure, with a profound respect, your dear spouse and children, for whom I intreat my God to make them true imitators of their father: And I beseech you to believe that I am with the utmost respect,

Your most humble,

And most faithful servant,

ELIAS NEAU.

This letter, dated Nov. 14, 1695, was writ at the citadel of Marseilles, where our confessor staid till the July following, 1696, from whence he was transferred to the castle d'Ye, as said before. That

That what happen'd to the wonder and consolation of our faithful confessor, at his going from Marseilles, was, that regretting his Treasure, he left in his Prison, consisting of an English Bible, seven sermons, and some other books of piety in the same language; upon asking for them, they were delivered to the grand Prevôt, that conducted him; and whether that officer did not understand English, or did not know the pleasure he was going to do to Elias Neau, or whether God touched his heart, to grant him that, what he preferred to gold and silver, when they were in the boat, he gave him his books. And as the same God would have him enjoy that comfort the remaining time of his imprisonment, in entering the castle d'Ye, God blinded the inspectors of our confessor, that they did not see those valuable books, which caused him from that time to prosecute his study and comfort with double diligence.

After his arrival there, they put him up to the top of a tower, where he staid about fifty days. There he had an opportunity to view the waves of the sea, the sight of which gave him an occasion of composing many sweet and pious meditations.

At the end of those fifty days, he had spent in that tower, they drew him from thence, and put him into a dungeon, which was cover'd with two arch roofs, where he was deprived of the light of the sun. There he remained six months quite alone, and after that they removed him to another dungeon, where he found three others of his brethren, but it was no less dismal nor less frightful than the former. Neither was it to alleviate the condition of our dear brother, but to ease the trouble of the Goal-keepers, that they had put them together, for instead of his being forced to visit four dungeons, he did go only to one.

Notwithstanding the obscurity of the place, which inclosed these faithful confessors, where darkness reign'd at high noon, and maugre all the vigilance of their guards, the Lord open'd a means to Elias Neau to write two letters, in one and the same day, to different persons, one to Messieurs le Boiteux, merchants at Amsterdam, to whom this testimony is due, that their piety forgot nothing at all, that was possible for them to alleviate the pains of these poor sufferers; and the other to Mr. Morin, his pastor. By the extract of these letters, one may see the melancholly condition, and the profound misery these faithful servants of God, and confessors of Jesus Christ were in. In the first, to the above-mentioned gentlemen, Elias Neau avows presently, that he writes but
by

by feeling, and in great pain to see what he doth, after which he speaks thus :

THE change of the prison they put me in, since I had the honour to write to you, and the divers miseries, that have befallen me, furnish me with materials enough to salute you anew. The difficulty of writing is so great, that I risk to slip this opportunity, I find, to give you an account of part of the miseries and persecutions, they have unjustly inflicted upon me. The Lord knows, that I never yet made any complaints of them: Wherefore I tell you but some part of them. For if I was permitted to relate all that we suffer, one could not believe it. No, Sir, there is no such life as this is. It requires the pencil of a seraphim to give you a true idea of it. The outward aspect he should give you, would make you tremble. If our souls were not supported by an infinite power, we could not live in this deplorable state. I pray you to think upon a life a man could lead in a dungeon, without any light, but what comes thro' the crevice of a door, the window being shut up. I have a sack upon my shoulders, the cap of a slave upon my head, and God, whom I adore, knows, that I have wore this cap these three years; shirts of packing cloth, without shoes, for they give none, drawers of the same stuff the shirts are of; forbid to speak to any person, who dare not give us any books, no not of the popish religion, without fire or candle. I should tire you, if I should tell you all the strictness, which they continually observe about us. Would you not confess, that one could call this life a living death? But if I tell you, that, for want of the light of the natural sun, the sun of grace darts its beams into our hearts, which, by their virtue, imprint a joy which cannot be express'd, nor perceived, but by those that have an experience of it. If I should tell you that this sort of life is more sweet and agreeable than all the most eminent temporal prosperities, what would you say? Such I am within, by the grace of God. If I were abroad, and should talk at this rate, one might tell me perhaps, that the remembrance of my past evils was stifled in my heart, by the enjoyment of temporal liberty. But God, who penetrates the abysses, and sees all the motions and faculties of my soul, knows that I love one hour of my languishing life better than a whole year of the most happy worlding. It is true there are often some sorry moments very terrible to flesh and blood; but God is always at hand to sweeten the bitterness by his infinite goodness.

After

After this, our dear confessor, imparts to those gentlemen the reasons why they changed his prison twice at the castle of Marseilles, and why they transported him, with some others, to the castle d'Ye, which I think worthy for the readers curiosity to know. And these were not only his singing of psalms and spiritual hymns he had composed, consisting of words and tunes, which people, that do not serve God in spirit and truth, and are not acquainted with the language of Canaan, are not able to hear nor taste ; but also because they found, that he spoke to a poor confessor, that was in a dungeon below him, loaded with two chains, and had so much tormented him, that his brains were turned, and went quite mad because of his torments. As for their transport to the castle d'Ye, the reason was, that the major of the castle had permitted them to write to their relations and friends to let them have some money for their necessities, upon condition that he should see their bills. This, as God would have it, was noised abroad, on purpose to bring some people, and even the merchants of their correspondence, into trouble. Thus they would deprive them of all their intercourse, either with their friends or fellow-confessors, not suffering these unhappy people to communicate their miseries to others in affliction, but also to hinder them from a mutual assistance, in their pressing necessities, christian charity requires. There were some among these confessors who received some support from their relations or friends, but they would not permit them to share it with others, though they never had so great an inclination to it, and those upon the gallies had the least share, because the eyes of their Argus's were continually watching them, nay, proceeded so far in their barbarous cruelty, that at a time when they permitted slaves to walk two and two about the city, either to beg or work at their trades ; what they got the Comite claimed as a tribute, for the liberty granted them to go abroad ; and even this liberty was denied to the confessors of Jesus Christ, though they were in a starving condition, whereas they allowed it to the worst of wretches, whose enormities had brought them to the gallies.

I remained there, adds our confessor, in the same letter, twenty three months, in a chamber at the castle, and must do the governor the justice after his death, that he gave me leave from time to time to write for bills of exchange, provided he saw the bills I writ for ; but after his death they have

have persecuted me ever since, and studied to find out means to add afflictions to the afflicted. They began to change my chamber, because I spoke to a poor faithful in a dungeon below me, chained with two chains. They tormented him so much, that he lost his senses. These gentlemen do not love to hear the praises of God to be sung. And though they could not hear me so plain, being at a great distance from them, but by changing the place of my confinement, they put me near the major's dwelling, who commanded in the governor's absence, and who could not bear to hear me sing psalms, and therefore put me into a dungeon, where I was kept till they brought me hither. I was a long time quite alone, but at the end of two years they brought three other faithful souls, to whom they permitted to write for bills of exchange, as well as to me. They did then observe, that all these bills were drawn upon the same merchant, who was sent for, and asked whence he had that money, and whether he could produce a proof, that the money belong'd to every one of us in particular. But since he could not answer to that, because the orders the merchants had received, run in these terms: That the money belong'd to all the confessors, they forbid him to deliver the money, unless he could prove by letters, that it belong'd to every one of us in particular: And he durst not declare the persons from whom he had the money to deliver to us, for they had undoubtedly been ruined. Thus they will not have us receive any money, unless it comes from our relations or friends; and he that has any, is not permitted to share it among his suffering brethren, much less to those upon the gallies. As for us that are in dungeons, we have means enough to share with our brethren, though we are separated from one another; our Mercuries serve us faithfully. I do not know, gentlemen, why they have put us here, for they have not accused us of any thing, except they find fault with our letters, which have made a noise in foreign countries, and the spies thereof have made it known at court. There must be something like this, for there is but five of us here, the others are left at the castle; but we that are here, they regard like strangers and enemies of the state, because we were out of the kingdom. They deny us money, that we may not be able to get Mercuries to serve us. In the mean time, those that have money, furnish others with it. The Lord be praised, that the same spirit that made the multitude of believers in the primitive church, one heart and one soul, rules and dwells among us. We possess nothing in particular, which is not with joy made com-

common between us: I am, however, richer than those gentlemen imagine, not in money, for I have none; but in books, which I value more than silver. God doth wonders every day. They have left me an English bible, and seven sermons, with some other English books, all the while I was in the castle, which I ask'd for when I went from thence, and they were given to the Grand Prevot, whose heart the Lord inclin'd, that he delivered 'em to me in the boat. When we came hither, God Almighty blinded the eyes of the searchers, and I kept my books. If the relation was not too prolix, I could give you a full description of every particular, and a large subject to admire the wisdom and justice of God. However, I have told you enough to invite you, Gentlemen, to sing praises and thanksgivings to the Lord for it. And thus am I richer than mine enemies can believe in my greatest poverty. If they knew how rich a man is that feels the countenance of the Lord shining upon his soul, and had the experience of that inward joy, which is beyond expression, they would treat us quite otherwise. 'Tis here we experience the truth of that oracle, 'my strength is perfected in weakness.' For just as God has created a world of wonders out of nothing, so he is pleased to manifest the power and efficacy of the blood of his most well-beloved Son, to support us in all our necessities. Who else, but an infinitely liberal God, can furnish Graces sufficient for all our wants at once? so that even the body is oftentimes delighted therewith. By this you may judge of the disposition of spirit, when quite ravished with admiration of the immense bounty of his creator, he cries out with David, 'Praise the Lord, call upon his holy name, make known his wonders to all people, sing praises unto him, publish his adorable works every where, seek the Lord and his power, seek his face continually, let the hearts of those that fear him, rejoice.' Is God so sweet in the midst of our bitterness here, what will he be, when we shall be swallowed up in the immense abyss of his love, when we shall see him face to face? What joy will then be to leave a dungeon to enter into an eternal palace, where the servants shall all appear as kings! To go from darkness to be admitted into the source of everlasting Light, and from hell to paradise? O how charming is that meditation. Pray, Gentlemen, pray for my perseverance, and for those of my suffering brethren. Pray to that merciful God, the least of whose works are great miracles, that he may embrace our souls. As for me I promise never to forget you. I send two letters inclosed,

one for my dear pastor, and the other for my wife, be pleased to dispatch 'em where they are directed. Your goodness will excuse the liberty I take. I salute you with a profound respect, and remain,

ELIAS NEAU.

The superscription of this letter was to Mess. Paul, and Peter le Boiteux, merchants at Amsterdam, dated July 20th, 1696, and wrote from the Isles of the castle of Y, near Marfeilles. It appears by this, that it was not without great labour and difficulty, any helps could be conveyed to ease the misery of those poor sufferers, besides they also paid very dear for them. For as it was less charity than the hope of gain, that mov'd those that did them these kind offices, the confessors paid a crown for every letter they received, besides one fifth of the money that was remitted to them, was deducted, because of the risk and danger that those were exposed to that served them. However the confessors thought it a happiness that some were found, who for the sake of gain were any way obliging and true to them.

The letter that Elias Neau wrote the same day to his pastor, was much to the same purpose, and contain'd near the same things; he only added, that several of the confessors letters had been intercepted, and that God had permitted it to convince the persecutors in their own hearts, that nothing was more opposite to truth, than the false accusation laid to them of writing against the state; since on the contrary, they made it a point of duty to be ignorant of those things that concern'd this world. But that the clergy were desirous to find some new pretext to cover the cruelty they exercis'd with such fury on so many poor innocents. And in this place he can't forbear charging the clergy with being the procurers of the redoubling of those pains that were inflicted on these dear confessors. 'If I was, says he, in a proper place, and had time, light, and paper sufficient for that purpose, I could produce such demonstrative proofs of it, that notwithstanding all their care to hide themselves from the eyes of men (not being able to hide themselves from the eyes of God) I should convict those hypocrites.' He chiefly meant the jesuits, for they made use of those that commanded on the gallies, to exercise their cruelty upon them: the Comites, men of barbarous tempers, were their instruments of iniquity and violence.

And

And they were the men, who under the vail of piety, and the pretext of converting souls, obtain'd in the first year of the dragonnading persecution, a mission to preach in all the gallies during Lent, in order to compel all the slaves to come to confession. In this employment they stuck closest to those that suffered for religion, and as these would not hear them, the jesuits told them they labour'd for their conversion, but they gave them this answer, Physician heal thyself.

The confessors being thus determin'd not to listen to those seducers, the easier to shut their ears to the enchanters, whilst the missionaries were preaching, some of the faithful wrote, others read, which so irritated the preachers of lyes, that they required the Comites to cause what they wrote to be examin'd, as also the books they read. But great was their surprize and their confusion, when they found none but books of piety, full of an holy unction, both for doctrine and practice, and that the letters they wrote, contain'd nothing but what tended to the glory of God, and the edification of their neighbour. And all the confessors aim'd at, was to strengthen and establish themselves in the faith; indeed in some of them they complain'd of the rigour that was exercised on poor wretches, who were guilty of nothing else but serving God with purity according to his word, and all this sower'd the spirits of these missionaries; for they could not bear those morals, whose purity condemn'd theirs, and that a doctrine so contrary to their sentiments, but all founded upon the word of God only, should be defended and maintain'd by a small number of poor men in chains, who durst resist them to their face; it gall'd the jesuits to the quick, to find themselves openly charged with being the authors of the persecution, and that it was they animated the instruments of violence against the sheep of Jesus Christ, whilst they call themselves the companions of that compassionate Saviour, who says to all; Learn of me that am meek, who always return'd good for evil, and who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

When they had search'd the confessors books and letters, they found some that had been wrote to them by some ministers that were out of France, and who from the extremity of their banishment, sought these dear sheep, exhorting them to persevere in the faith. Those that were wrote by the illustrious Jurieu, had made so much noise, and produced so much fruit in the opinion of the missionaries, not to stir up the furious zeal of the jesuits on this occasion; they therefore carried their complaints to the bishop, and as it is usual

with these proud over-bearing spirits, they laid a plan for their future conduct in this matter ; and to this purpose they required two things, which they easily obtained ; first, that some of the confessors, viz. such as had most zeal and capacity to oppose their designs, should be removed from the galleys, and shut up in black dungeons ; and the next thing was, that those confessors that remain'd in the galleys, should be forbid to converse one with another, this Mr Neau takes notice of in his letter to his pastor.

'Tis true, says he, that from the beginning of the persecution, they made use of the same weapons against us, as the heathens did against the primitive church, they always hinder'd any sort of communication, whether foreign or in the nation, but the means they used then were not so rough as they are now. They will not suffer us to enjoy any books to busy us in our dismal solitude ; they will not allow us to receive any relief from our friends, but stint us to the king's pay for our subsistence. Thus you see, they have two things in view in depriving us of the benefit of receiving any money. First, to debar us from the services of the Mercuries, for none of them will run the hazard of being put in the galleys themselves for serving us, if we have not wherewith to reward them for their trouble and danger. Secondly, they know what are the ragings of hunger, and now that provisions are dear, the king's pay, to which they restrain us, affords us but a meager sustenance. Thus they strive by all means to overcome the patience that God gives us : thus they are resolved to vanquish our faith, and conquer our souls by the hardships they inflict on our poor skeletons. In the mean time they perceive not, or at least feign not to see, that herein they directly attack God himself, seeing his justice is concern'd as well as his goodness in feeding us ; he claims glory to himself in giving food to the young ravens : he it is that nourishes the fishes and insects, as well as the rest of all his creatures ; for as he is the life of all lives, so he is the supporter and protector of life, and here are men that will hinder God from exercising his providence on the behalf of poor souls that he has created in his own image, redeemed by his blood, and which he sanctifies by his Holy Spirit. They think but in vain, that he who causes the rays of his divine face to shine in the hearts of these poor chained prisoners, will not grant wherewith to support their bodies. Can they offer a more violent outrage to his divine goodness, than thus to snatch the bread out of our hands ? Ah, Sir, how do I pity these our persecutors,
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how wretched is their condition ? Oh ! did they know what God doth for us, what grace he sheds in our souls, they would be ravish'd in admiration, and would own publicly, that all the pains they take to destroy our faith, are vain and fruitless, since God is himself the strength and the defender of it. But they think otherwise, and should we tell them a hundred times over that God pours into our souls such delicious streams, as make us love to suffer, to the end we may glorify his power, they would not believe it ; and thus they go on in trying all sorts of means to overcome the power of God. But if they would consider that we are but men, incapable of ourselves, without a divine help, to bear what they inflict upon us with such injustice, and so much cruelty, they would be forced to give glory to God. But they are blind and deaf, and unless that God, against whom they are so outrageous, doth himself open their eyes, they will not see that arm of his, which is so openly stretched out to support us, &c.

After this, that dear confessor goes on to beg the prayers of ministers and people, from the pulpit and in the closet, to use his own words, he begs them for himself and his dear companions in sufferings ; but, adds he, chiefly for me, that God may fulfil his work in me, the work of his immense goodness and infinite charity. Mine eyes, he goes on, are ever looking unto the Lord, for he shall pluck my feet out of the net. He saith, he had but little light in his prison, but nevertheless he saw him that is invisible : I am, saith he, confined within a little corner, but by good luck, it is but my body that is confin'd, my faith is not so, the God of my salvation makes the same rise unto him to admire his infinite compassions in raising me from nothing, even from the nothing of my pollutions, to praise his mercy in these chains. For altho' 'tis but the justice of God which is made known by the just chastisements his providence has sent me ; yet, Sir, it is true, I cannot pass by in silence the many mercies he vouchsafes to me without ingratitude. Nay I must say, that my expressions are not able to give my neighbours a true idea to excite them to praise a God so magnificent in his love and compassions. I know by experience, that the publication of mercies received, may give a handle to Satan in a heart of pride like mine ; but the wisdom of God doth not want means to destroy the work of his enemy in a heart that is entirely devoted to the will of God, and rests assured in the promises of his divine protection.

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In the mean time, I can say with assurance, that all the miseries I suffer, which are without contradiction, very great in number, are gloriously swallowed up in the inexpressible charms of the power of grace; and that I can say to the Lord in sincerity, it is good for me to be here for my everlasting happiness. My present condition is so vile and despicable to the eyes of flesh, that there is no man that sees it, but must be struck with horror: yet I taste here a most delicious flavour. I beg you, Sir, earnestly, and conjure you to render thanks and praises to my creator, and to beseech him to grant me the perfection and the continuance of his divine love. For my part, I never forget you nor your dear family. I pray to God to pour out all his graces upon you altogether here upon earth, and to crown you at last in his glorious kingdom with everlasting bliss to adore him eternally. I likewise beg the favour to pray for my wife and my dear little children in New England, and for my father and mother that have had the unhappiness to apostatise. I salute you with all that respect I am capable of, &c.

The welfare of his family this dear confessor had very much at heart; I do not speak only of his family in New England, but his family he left in France, which were overcome with a great many others by the persecution. When he was still at liberty, he had saved one of his brothers, and one of his sisters, which is married at Boston, and wish'd to be a Joseph to all the remaining in France. This made him in his dungeon think upon means to save those whom God had made use of to bring him into the world; and since he had heard a few months after he had writ to his pastor, that his mother was dead, by a letter of his sister Rachel, he had still in France, to which he sent an answer, Sept. 14, 1696. to which all those that still were unhappily stooping to Babylon might apply themselves, by making reflections upon what he said there; by which one may easily see, that it flowed from a heart which was animated by the Spirit of God, and replenished with his love; so that he ardently longed for the salvation of his neighbours. The letter itself speaks thus:

The infinite providence of my sovereign protector, has sent me your letter, my dear sister. 'Tis a testimony of the love of my God, who never is weary to multiply his favours without end. You have pierced my heart with a deep and sensible sorrow, by acquainting me with the death of my dear mother. I have before mine eyes the paved way the whole world must pass through. I know
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'tis the decree of the almighty, and the irreverfible doom of his equitable juftice againft the whole race of mankind. The high and low, the rich and poor, kings and flaves muft undergo the fame fate; neither God nor death are refpectors of perfons; we muft all appear before the dreadful tribunal of him that fearches hearts and reins, and is the moft righteous judge. But the greateft and moft fignal of all misfortunes is, that we ever hardly think of it, or if we do, it is but lightly. O how very unhappy is human nature, that is fo much taken with the pleasures of this world, and is lull'd afleep in its bofom, like Sampfon in Dalilah's, without thinking that death is but two fteps from us. Is it not the fame, what happen'd to the rich clown in the gofpel? My foul, faith he, thou haft much goods laid up for many years, take thine eafe, eat, drink, and be merry. He did not think that death had his fcythe over his head, which cut fhort the thread of his voluptuous life. In the time he thought to enjoy himfelf, he found an eternal forrow. You fee here, my dear fifter, what happens ftill every day. How many thoufand fouls are in this kingdom, that have fold their birthright for a pottage of lentils; that have loved more the eafe of this life, and their tranfitory goods, than to abandon them to preferve the rich treafure of their faith, and which a juftly provoked God has taken off by a violent death? how many is there that are dead in their apoftacy, without fhedding a tear of repentance? Do you believe, my dear fifter, that thofe that did not love God here below, will enjoy him in the life to come? O be not deceived, but know, that nothing is more difficult than the way that leads to the kingdom of heaven. Thofe that have given no proof of their love on earth, will never find the infinite goodnefs of our God. The delights of heaven are too chafte to be enjoyed by impure fouls. Do you believe, that thofe that have lived in the pleasures of this world, and given their flefh the loofe of all its demands, fhall enjoy the eternal pleasures? You deceive yourfelf, God tells us quite the contrary in his holy word: afflictions, croffes, and reproach are the way to life everlafting. I know very well, my dear fifter, that the pleasures of fenfe, when they are innocent, are harmlefs; but 'tis dangerous to carry a hot coal in one's bofom without being burnt, and very difficult to ufe this world without abufing it. For this reafon I would lead you to virtue, my dear fifter, whilft you are young, I would perfuade your foul to refift the charms of concupifcence, and not become a flave to the
flefh,

flesh, which is the unhappy companion of satan, and the mortal poison devouring us day and night. Think therefore, my dear sister, on that enormous crime you have committed in imitation of your parents, and on that terrible shipwrack which has, as it were, swallow'd you up in a sea of miseries. The waves of the justice of our God, have they not surrounded you above these twelve years? I mean, have you not added sin to sin ever since that time? This is the very reason why God has withdrawn his grace, that that grand sin might draw an infinite number of others after it. Hark ye therefore to the voice, which still calls to you by my mouth from the bottom of my dungeon: come out of Babylon, my people, shake off your sins, and weep bitterly for them. Think on death you can't avoid, and examine your conscience to know whether you can appear before God's tribunal with any assurance. If the seraphims tremble upon the least signal before him, and if these sublime intelligencers are not pure in his eyes, how can you, who have turn'd your back in the time of battle, and have not kept the faith constantly to finish the race set before you? Do not flatter yourself with some good opinions you might have. God will have no such halves, he requires the whole heart without division, if you subtract any thing, he abandons it to satan, for he will have all or none. And this is so true, that he repeats the same four times in one verse: thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. Here you see the looking-glass he sets before your eyes, look into it and see whether your whole heart is given up to God, viz. whether you love God with a sincere, humble and contrite love. Observe the affections of your soul, and examine them whether they are all for God. Look whether your spirit is occupied about his knowledge, to embrace him with all the light of your understanding, so that you may employ all the strength of your body and soul to obey him constantly. Consider, how he will be loved with a love of gratitude, obedience, knowledge, and a love of perseverance, which is grounded upon that experience one ought to have of his goodness. You see here, my dear sister, whom I love entirely, the propositions I make you. My aim is to snatch your soul from the jaws of death, therefore give me your hand, and retire from the grave of your sins; weep night and day for having offended so great and dreadful a God; let your eyes become two fountains of tears to wash your soul, and sue for his grace to open the wounds of our adorable

ble Saviour to efface all your spots that are so deep. Do not defer your repentance till to-morrow ; for alas ! the next day is not in our power ; but while the light shines yet, make haste to run the way of righteousness, and give your eye-lids no rest, 'till you have obtain'd pardon of all your sins, and receive the impression of the seal in the bottom of your heart. God is infinitely merciful to those that sincerely repent, but his justice is likewise infinitely severe to such as persevere in their sins. Remember above all, that it is not enough to have the purity of faith in one's understanding, except it is accompanied with the purity of life and conversation, without which our faith will but condemn us the more. At last I desire you, my dear sister, to think betimes upon the great voyage towards eternity, since our life passes away with great swiftness, and death comes and snatches us away with violence from the arms of those we love most tenderly, &c.

This confessor, after some farther discourse, subjoins at last : God has enabled me to triumph in my chains over the fury of my persecutors. He has placed me by his almighty grace above all they can do to me. I do not fear death, tho' ever so terrible, and sacrificed my life to God with ineffable joys. The living death they have made me suffer for these five years past, is more insupportable to the flesh than death itself. Yet all this while, my adorable Jesus makes me experience the truth of his promise, that there is none that forsakes all things for his glory, who doth not receive an hundred times as much in this life. You see, my dear sister, what supports my hope, and nourishes my faith, and this is what establishes my perseverance. Pray for me night and day, at noon and at midnight, as well as morning and evening ; and salute all that wait for the kingdom of God. I wish you all regenerated and sanctified hearts and souls, pierced with sorrow for having offended our creator. I embrace you and my brother with all my fraternal affections, wishing that the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great shepherd of souls, may make you so live in his grace, that you may one day revive again in his glory.

The following letters give us to understand, that his sufferings, far from shaking his constancy, did but strengthen it the more, and that the divine grace replenish'd his heart more and more with zeal and love, so that he was made in all things more than conqueror. The letter he wrote from the camp of the Lord, as he calls it, at the

castle d'Ye, near Marseilles, Nov. 5, 1696, to Mr Morin, is as follows :

Sir,

IF any expressions were capable to give you a true idea of my present condition, you would be ravished with admiration of the providence of our God, who opens the door of my pit to come as far as to you, maugre all the pains they take to hinder me from going abroad. I say again, Sir, if you could conceive the barriers I must cross, and the condition the justice and mercy of my creator keeps me in, you would be in a rapture in admiring the means which providence employs to exercise its grandeur : for I am become a spectacle to angels and men in the course God has destined me to from all eternity, being tied to the altar where I am to be sacrificed. I hope it will not be taken amiss, if I take the liberty to give you an abridgment of my persecutions, since I have had the boldness to chalk out the liberality of my author. If you have at least received my letter, I have not told you one word about the pains they have put me to, because the sweetness of grace swallowed up the sense of my sufferings. You may easily judge they had no mind to make me more happy by changing my condition of a gally slave into that of a prisoner : for, in effect, they design'd nothing less than to multiply and to prolong my torments ; yet it so happen'd, that instead of the evil they thought to do me, they did me the greatest good. I longed for solitude, and God made me desire it fervently ; the same goodness which inspired me, has procured it for me, by confounding the counsel of mine enemies through his infinite power and wisdom. For as soon as I saw myself in solitude, I immediately applied myself to search into the knowledge of myself. And as I had a little knowledge of God, but more of his love than his knowledge, I judged myself worthy of hell ; for I said, surely God is so good, and so just, that he could never afflict me with so great a deluge of evils, without a very just reason. This consideration brought me very low, even to my very nothing, and made me reflect upon my abominable life past, with detestation. Nay I went so far in my research of it, that I abhorr'd it without being able to bear myself. At that time I began to experience the effect of the promises of my God, when sinners return to him, and he receives them into his grace. I was then overwhelm'd with graces, and overflown with chaste delights, in so much that I forgot all the world, and myself too. In a word, God opened to me the wounds of my redeemer to wash away the impurities of my soul. Thus I was easy for three and twenty months,

as long as I was confined to my little chamber, where I learnt to know and love God by admirable contemplation. All this is about my inward state. Now I must acquaint you with my outward circumstances, the sense of which I had quite lost, as I told you before. I was dress'd like a gally slave, and so I am still, with a cap like a slave upon my head: and God, who with his essence penetrates all the faculties of my soul, has enabled me to wear this cap for these three years and a half past. I lay for fifteen months upon a poor carpet, without any straw or mat, no person permitted to speak or come to me without a particular permission of the governor. There was a poor faithful underneath me, loaded with two chains, because he sung our psalms with a loud voice, and they had never found out that I spoke to him 'till after three and twenty months; but they changed my chamber immediately, yet not without great threatnings, that were as unjust as fruitless. There I staid one month in that second chamber, and because I sung psalms, they put me into a dungeon, where I was confined forty days. The first of July of the same year, Mr grand Prevot came with his archers or bailiffs, very early on a fine Sunday morning at four o'clock, and fetched me from my grave, together with the aforesaid poor faithful. I suppose they were ashamed to produce us in open day-light to the view of the people, and therefore had shut the windows of the castle, and hurried us away with great precipitation. Alas! if they were not wrapt up in cruelty, and had not armed fury itself against us, they could not help pitying us.

Represent to your view, men, whom they carry from one dungeon to another, dragging their carcasses, which are nothing but skin and bones, whose visages create compassion, white as plaister, with beards as long as their hair, full of lice and bugs, that eat us up. In this miserable condition they led us to this fortreis, from whence I take the liberty to salute you. They put us immediately into little holes, with hardly so much light as to eat our bread; and from that first dungeon I have taken the liberty to write to you. About a month before, they had brought three other faithful souls hither from the castle, which were taken from the gallies a year after me, but we never have had any communication together at the castle. At our arrival here, they separated us, and put every one of us at as great distance from each other, as they could, on purpose that we might not hear one another sing psalms. But the trouble we gave them to guard five prisons, has obliged our keepers to get a permission from court to put

us together, which was granted, provided they gave us no light. The 20th of August they made us descend into two ditches, the three first into one, and my fellow-sufferer and myself into the other. But I was always solitary, the Lord be praised; for they gave me an ideot, who was always childish, and would not speak one word to me. These ditches are at the bottom of two towers, arched over, where there is no air but what comes through the hole of the entrance, and are full of stench and nastiness: neither have we any day-light, as if God had not created the shining bodies of the firmament to enlighten the earth. We lie upon a little nasty straw, and God, who sees my heart, knows, that the very vermin come from our rags, and crawl along the wall.

In this condition they still render our yoke the more heavy, by making us live merely upon the king's ordinary. They know very well that one gets but little for five pence, especially at this time, when all things are so dear. We have offer'd them to keep the money allowed us, if they would give us the worth of it in victuals; but they will not hear us. And as if that was not enough to oppress us, they are resolved to push their cruelty to its last extremity. Thus when we are sick, they refuse us the assistance of a surgeon. For the air here made us sick, by leaving the castle, so that we were seized with a fever. We begg'd leave of the governor to be blooded; but he sent us word, that he would rather see us die by a pistol. We had recourse to God, and he cured us.

Now, Sir, have I not reason enough to say, that I am upon the altar, where I shall be sacrificed? But there is a great many other things I cannot represent, as the frequent visits they make us in order to search us, and to take away our writing materials from us. But the Lord laughs at them. It seems as if I heard his voice in the center of my heart, which tells me, as to his prophet Esaias: Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, shew my people thy sufferings, and declare to them the riches of my mercy. You see, Sir, how they afflict every one of our senses at once, by making them suffer the torment each is capable of. They wanted even to drown our smell, by making us dig holes in our ditches for our necessary occasions; but those that are order'd to take care of our daily nourishment in our languishing condition, opposed this themselves, because there was no air in our sepulchres, and by opening the door, they must of necessity participate of the same evil they design'd to inflict upon us,

us, and therefore make us pay two-pence every Sunday for the trouble the soldier takes with us upon these occasions; and if once the money is wanting, they do not fail to exact it; for they will not let us have any; and besides, they make us pay dear for every thing, to see the sooner an end of our income. But the Lord has them still in derision, for he has already favoured me to get some under hand whilst I am here. And I am fully persuaded, that as he takes care of the young ravens, so he will extend his providence over me unto the end. Those that are witnesses of our sufferings, say, these people must needs be great criminals, since they take 'em from the gallies, where they are miserable, to reduce 'em to a condition infinitely more melancholy! Alas, I confess, that I am all over nastiness, and cover'd with filth in my miserable body and in my soul; and by giving glory to God, I say to him with a contrite heart: thou art just, O Almighty God, and all thy judgments, tho' impenetrable, are full of equity. And I acknowledge, O Lord, that thy mercy is infinite in the very sense of pain, considering the greatness of mine iniquities. But it is not because I have affronted the rock of my strength, that they afflict me with a living death, but it is on the contrary, because I would not increase the number of my crimes with idolatry. They cannot produce the least sign of any crime against me, by which they could prove, that they have any right to make me suffer such a terrible multitude of evils. I should have been careful enough to screen me from the eyes of my neighbour, had I had a mind to do the works of the devil: I might have appeared like a whited sepulchre to their eyes. But he that has his throne in an unaccessible light, would easily discover the most secret motions of my soul; therefore he chastises me, and I bless him for it with all my heart. I love his justice as well as his mercy, and as afflicted as I am, my condition is become agreeable to me, nay very delightful. 'Tis true the flesh has an abhorrence for sufferings, but by the grace of God it is no more master; neither shall I consult its taste, to pursue its interest. On the contrary I perceive, that its sentiments lead to death, and that the being which God has given me, ought to be raised above what is sensible, to set all its actions in a true light. Wherefore my flesh may well cry, but I have no ears to hear it, and though its confused noise causes me many distractions, yet it is the case of all those that will live by faith. I look upon the will of God in every thing that befalls me, even to the prick of a pin. They have put me here into the bowels
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of the earth: I say, the Lord will have me resound his divine praises under ground, as I did the air three years since, almost like St Paul, to whom it was told, 'As thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome.' Therefore I laugh at all they do to me by the power of grace, which shews the virtue of its admirable power in my infirmity; and I hope, like David, to triumph over the Philistines, and to enter one day, that holy city, to enjoy the presence of my sovereign good. I know very well, that it is through many tribulations we must enter there. This is what makes me say in the midst of my sufferings; let them bruise my bones, and broil my marrow upon live coals, provided the glory of God is manifested thereby, I am content. He has not given me my being but for that end, and it is very just, and highly requisite, I should consecrate it to him; and I am fully persuaded, they cannot pluck one hair from my head, without his divine permission. Therefore, if they do me any ill, 'tis his wisdom orders it so for his glory, but it all turns to my eternal advantage. I acknowledge that my visible and invisible enemies are the instruments of my sanctification, and upon this account I say; it is good for me that I have been afflicted, for before I went with full speed to hell, but now I keep thy word. I will conform the love of my will, to the light of my spirit. And altho' I say I will, yet I never pretend to say that I am able to accomplish it of my own self, the Lord keep me from such a presumption. I know also, that this good will is a mere free gift, but I hope and believe that he who has given me the will to live well, will also give me the power to perform it. This is my faith, I profess, I know it by experience; 'tis God which works both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

'Tis now time to have done, I perceive to have tired you, and desire you therefore to forgive me, Sir, and let your charity cover my infirmity. I say what I can, and not what I would; you know my capacity, and this makes me believe you will excuse me. I have received but one answer to all my letters I have wrote since my imprisonment, and that acquainted me of the death of my father the very moment, when I was deprived of day-light. You may well judge what a great many temptations I have been in upon that account. But the king of kings makes me overcome all, blessed be God. I have not had the honour to receive one of yours since I have been in chains, tho' I am persuaded

suaded it is not your fault. However, I am still in hopes, some will come to my hands in spite of hell and satan. I take the liberty to entreat you to redouble the fervour of your prayers in the pulpit and closet for my perseverance, and for the perfection of that charity, which is poured out in my heart. I salute with a profound respect your dear spouse and children, praying to God to make you all true pillars in his temporal and eternal temple, and vowing to remain as long as I live.

Sir, Yours,

The vigilant care they took to hinder our suffering brethren from having any communication with any body, was the reason why we had no news from Mr Neau these nine months, and it was by a singular favour of God, that this dear faithful soul found means to write the following letter from the camp of the Lord, as he calls it, Aug. 16, 1697. The providence of the God of my strength has at last favoured me to receive one of your letters, which has happily come to my hands, with another from my wife, which Mess. le Boiteux has been so kind to send me. I confess to you sincerely, Sir, that I cannot sufficiently admire the goodness of my adorable protector, who signalizes his infinite charity so magnificently towards so vile a creature as I am. Oh! what shall I render unto the Lord for the multitude of his mercies I receive? my heart is too narrow to contain all the acknowledgments I owe him. I am persuaded, Sir, that your soul, full of charity, overflows like water before the throne of God in publick and private, for an increase of his divine love, to nourish my faith, and to support my perseverance. And what is it that a true pastor can do else, seeing one of his poor sheep, that is weak and languishing, attacked by an almost innumerable multitude of wolves? And my God knows, that my heart is entirely sensible of the pastoral care you are so kind to take for me; and for which I shall perpetual acknowledgment. You are in the right, Sir, when you say, that I must be assisted from on high to support me under those violent assaults I have to encounter. And if my oppressors would render justice to the living God, they would say, that nothing but his divine power could support me in my present exile. But the eyes of their understanding are quite blind. O! how do I bemoan their dismal condition! The Lord knows, that I pray to him in tears, that he would not lay to their charge the evil they make me suffer, without,

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thanks be to God, ever giving them any just cause. I humbly beseech him to give them a better understanding, and hearts to love him more purely. I know very well they do but despise my prayers, and look upon them as unprofitable: but I hope, that if they do not serve them, I shall at last reap the fruit of them on that day, when God shall reward every one according to his works.

I ought to thank you, Sir, with all my heart, for the liberality of your charitable soul, which extends itself even to my miserable body. I am unworthy of your regard, and how shall I be grateful enough for your goodness towards me? In the mean time I accept with a thousand thanks, the present your love makes me, which I shall share with pleasure among my fellow-sufferers. I must acquaint you, Sir, that that poor faithful soul, who was my companion in the pit, and who kept silence to all the world to the last moment of his life, is now dead. They have changed my pit, in the mean time, and put me to the other three faithful, which I mention'd in my former letter. They brought the priests to him in his last moments, with the holy water in his hand. But being dumb, he made sign with his hands refusing it; so the priest took it away, and left him dying. We were told, that they buried him, but we are not sure of it. Here we see a generous end, and I desire no other. I hope you will continue your fervent prayers, that I may persevere to the end, and I shall never cease to give you real proofs of my acknowledgment, and

I remain with all the respect I am capable of,

ELIAS NEAU.

P. S. My three associates desire me to salute you on their part.

The cruel persecutors of our brethren seeing they were not at all shaken by the different torments they had made them suffer, tried at last to starve them. To this end they made them spend the king's small allowance in divers expences, so that paying for every thing very dear, they had not wherewithal to buy a morsel of bread, and what they gave them was dry and mouldy, and did forbid every body upon the greatest pain to give them any assistance, in so much, that a soldier was hanged for having furnished something to one of these faithful sufferers.

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Notwithstanding this severity, some good people tried their utmost efforts to send these illustrious confessors some relief, that by the blessing of God they at last got some refreshment. One may see in what manner our dear brother speaks of it in the following letter, dated at the castle d'Ye, Oct. 7, 1697.

SIR,

MY heart is full of gratitude, but I want both capacity and words to express my sincere acknowledgments, so that all my gratitude terminates itself in confessing my imbecillity, which is not able to satisfy the generosity of your ardent charity, which your goodness makes me so lively sensible of both in my body and in my spirit; your pastoral love extending itself generally as well to the one as to the other, for which I cannot sufficiently admire my sovereign protector, who glorifies so magnificently the immensity of his compassions towards so vile a creature as myself, who am but as the dust of nothing, if one can speak so; yet the adorable author of my being lets me see, that he is all eye to look upon me, and to supply my necessities from his infinite fulness. This makes me say with the apostle of the Gentiles: 'I have learned both to abound, and to suffer need, 'I can do all through Christ which strengthens me.' You comprehend well what I tell you, Sir, that my divine Saviour has at last graciously favoured me with sending your last letter to me, notwithstanding all the difficulties which my watchful oppressors threw in my way. 'Tis a particular testimony of the love of him, who is the rock of my strength. And I am so fully penetrated with acknowledgments of his liberality, that I cannot forbear crying out: to him who has loved and washed us by his blood from our sins: To him who keeps the whole world in a triangle, and who would be fasten'd with three nails to the tree of the cross; to him who created the abyss and laid its foundation; to him who is infinitely sufficient to himself, and is the source of his own infinite beatitude, be all honour, glory, dominion, and majesty, from everlasting, now and for ever and ever, Amen. Oh, Sir, how magnificent is the Lord in his liberality? What an abundance of charms is there in the savoury taste of his goodness. How miserable am I that I cannot sufficiently celebrate the immensity of his gratuity. How unhappy am I to have begun so late to love this infinite beauty! If the dew of his grace is so agreeable, and raises such delights in souls, where it is distilled even in the midst of chains, what will it be, when after the short

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troubles of this life, we shall be swallowed up in the river of glory, and be filled with the torrents of infinitely chaste pleasures, which God has prepared for us from all eternity, and which he has merited for us by the effusion of the precious blood of our adorable victim? O what happiness will that be to such vile creatures, to be raised even to the clear vision of the godhead, and in that contemplation of his infinite essence to enjoy the ravishments of his love. This is, Sir, what confirms my faith, nourishes my hope, and animates my charity to fight with courage and constancy all the enemies of my salvation that obstruct my course.

By this you see that I lift myself under the standard of true Christian militia, according to your own prescription, for which I am highly obliged to you, and am fully persuaded, that the clemency and goodness of my God will fulfil the prayers your charity puts up for me in publick and private for the perfection of my charity and perseverance. And as for me, I promise you faithfully, that if my prayers are of any efficacy, the Lord will never be wanting to pour upon you and your dear family his most precious blessings, and that at the end of your labour you will shine like a star in the heavenly firmament to all eternity. They have changed my pit since Feb. 14. where I was lock'd up with my fellow-sufferer, who died like a true faithful for the glory of God, and the confusion of error. I had taken the liberty to have answer'd you immediately after the receipt of yours, but I fear'd my letter was not quite finish'd. My three friends, with whom I have the honour to be associated in bonds, most humbly salute you as well as I. They have read your letter, and I shall make them partakers of the relief you have been so kind to send me. I have desired them to sign this, in order to keep fair in the sight of God and men, that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified.

We all salute you with a profound respect,

And all your family,

ELIAS NEAU,

A. CAPION, &c.

And

And now comes the last letter that this pious and generous confessor wrote from the bottom of his dungeon with this inscription :

From the camp of the Lord of lords, (these are his own words) March 10th, 1698.

To Mons. Morin, Pastor of the Walloon Church at Berg-op-zoom :

MY divine Saviour is so magnificent in his liberality, that he leaves me not a moment without some fresh cause to praise him with a new ardour. Here is a proof of it. 'Tis a month since I have through his infinite goodness received your first letter; Mess. le Boiteux had sent it me two years ago, and the first time I had an opportunity of some communication with the gallies, my friends sent it me, having kept it faithfully all that time. Have I not cause every hour to bless God a thousand times? a God that is so kind and gracious towards so vile and wretched a sinner as I am? I see, Sir, by your concern for my eternal salvation, the pastoral love that animates you to strengthen a poor trembling sheep, that is exposed to the fury of devouring wolves. Oh how much am I indebted to you for all the wholesome instructions you are so kind to give me in all your excellent letters! this your first letter is long, edifying, and comforting; it deserves a grave and prudent answer. But, Sir, I must sincerely own I am not able to do it, and I am persuaded, that as you know my incapacity, your charity will excuse me: I shall only make a few observations on some passages in your letter:

First, it is no new thing to find conquering oppressors ask insolently, where is your God? This is literally true; for though we sing aloud the triumphant power of grace in our iron bands, they have the face to ask us; where is the God for whom you suffer so many evils? They said to me at the hospital, why don't your God deliver you; if yours is the true church? I gave them a proper answer, but they only multiplied their blasphemies; then I chose to be silent.

Secondly, you say to me thus: well done, my dear brother, enjoy your choice, and glory in it. Yes, Sir, I do enjoy it, and it is my delight. I sing with the royal prophet: my lot is fallen to me in a pleasant place, yea I have a goodly heritage, since my Saviour is my treasure, and my

exceeding pure delight: the glory of God is my ambition, and I love incomparably better to be at the door of his house loaded with opprobrious contempt, than to dwell for a whole eternity in the palaces of these wicked men. This makes me sing the praises of his glorious magnificence with pleasure.— Here follows a hymn of his composing, but not being able to translate it but with much disadvantage, we choose to omit it, together with several others that are in the French for the same reason.

I proceed to the third remark: you say, Sir, in your letter, that my bonds, accompanied with holiness of life, will beget new Onesimus's, and that my example will bring them to Jesus Christ. Now I can tell you, that the piety of Mr Lanfonniere, who is at this time in the dungeon of the citadel, where I was, has gain'd some in the galley, where he was, and there are others also that have been converted to the true faith, and they are not persons of vile conversations, but of good moral lives. There was a young man, about 20 years old, on board the gally *la Guerriere*, which was next to the *Magnanime* on which I was, who was brought over to the truth by Mr Carriere, who is a slave on that galley, and who was so effectually converted, that he had courage enough to tell the chaplain, that he never would be of the Roman church. They threatned him in a dreadful manner, and took from him a new testament that he had. This proved the occasion of a new persecution against me, because I had wrote to him; they doubled my chains, and carried me to the citadel. The almoner of our gally preach'd, that our ministers convey'd money to us to make us persevere, and that we bribed the simple with presents; but God removed him by a sudden death, a week after he caused me to be loaded with a double chain. He used to call me the minister in a sneering way, to inspire the slaves with the greater hatred against me. The Lord has made me triumph over all this hitherto, and I hope his goodness will make me do so to the end.

The last remark I make is on these words: wicked men are after all but instruments in God's hand to correct us, and to bring us back to our duty. This last article is deeply printed in my heart; for I am fully persuaded, that nothing but my enormous sins could provoke my merciful God, and cause his hand still lifted up against me to punish me; but ah, Sir, what am I saying, it is rather his mercy that embraces me now, whereas the waves of his justice overwhelm'd me, when I was in the world at full liberty, and he

he suffered me to multiply my evil deeds, 'till at last he has had pity on me, his chastisement has stopp'd the torrent of my iniquities. Oh it has been good for me to have been afflicted, for before, alas ! I went astray. For this, O Lord ! I return thee immortal thanks and praise ; for this all the powers of my soul and body shall glorify thee in time and in eternity. However God, who beholds all the motions of my heart, knows perfectly that I love mine enemies, even those that have condemn'd me, and those who now hold me in these bonds. I bewail their unhappy state ; I pray God with all my heart to forgive them. Tho' they cease not to oppress us, for our yoke is as heavy as ever, they have in nothing relaxed the great severity they have exercised over us for these twenty months past, only in this, that since the death of that faithful fellow-sufferer I was with, they have allowed us to be let blood, but we must pay the surgeons.

After this our dear confessor complains of grievous pains in his head, to which he has been subject these three years, and of a giddiness which hinder his sight ; tho', as he says, his lamp was under his eyes when he wrote. These pains of his head proceeded, 'tis likely, from his long and grievous sufferings on one hand, and of his deep and assiduous meditations on the other, and the giddiness from the weakness of his head, and his having been so long deprived of the benefit of air and day light. But what is all this, the dear confessor adds, when I contemplate the life that is to come, which makes me say with the apostle, I take pleasure in the sufferings which I endure : my life is not dear to me, so that I may finish my course in the fear of God : if he is glorify'd in my body and soul, in my life and in my death, my desire will be fulfilled.

My friends and fellow-sufferers have expressly charg'd me to salute you on their part, and all your dear family, they beg to be remember'd by you in all your prayers. If you will do me justice, you will be persuaded that I have you printed in my heart, and that I bear you and all your dear family to the foot of the throne of my God. Grant me the continuation of your ardent prayers.

I ever remain, still glorifying my God,
With a profound and humble respect,

ELIAS NEAU.

Thus

Thus was he still continuing to glorify God in his dungeon, when on the 3d of July of the last year, word was brought him, that the king of France granted him his liberty. But it was the king of England who had procured it, having demanded his enlargement, and that of some others, by his ambassador extraordinary, my lord Portland, to whom, in the midst of all the honours and careffes shewn to him by the court of France, they could not deny this request.

Thus Elias Neau was delivered, and they gave him a pass, which, however, did not mention the cause of his being put in the gallies, but gave him a strict charge to depart out of the kingdom within six weeks time. And now it was, that this confessor of Jesus Christ, after invoking his God from the deep, saw himself in a condition to say with David: ‘ I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my calling. He brought me also out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay, and set my feet upon the rock, and order’d my goings: and he has put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God. Many shall see it and fear, and shall put their trust in the Lord. Blessed is the man that hath set his hope in the Lord.

The very day he left his dungeon at the castle d’Ye, he went to Marseilles, and the day after, which was July 4th, he writ the following letter to his pastor:

SIR,

Since your charity has made you a partaker of my bonds, my duty obliges me to impart to you the grace, which the mercy of God has bestowed upon me, to the end, that my deliverance may give you as much pleasure, as my slavery has caused you pain. The sun of righteousness has at last dispersed the clouds that hung over me near these six years past. I am fully persuaded, Sir, that you will rejoice at it, and that your pastoral love will make you bless the holy name of the glorious deliverer of my servitude, who by the invincible strength of his divine power has revived me again. ’Tis the magnificent triumph of his truth, which assures us, that his mercy has no end. I now experience and feel the sweetness of the accomplishment of his promises, and have reason to say: how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that brings good tidings, that comes to denounce peace to my heart, and saith to my soul, Zion thy God reigneth. Neither my words nor my thoughts are capable to represent the grateful sense I have
of

of these things. I am dumb at the sight of the mercies of my sovereign protector, and my silence renders him a more perfect homage than all my expressions. You know very well the infinite obligations I have to the author of my being, which I have received from his free liberality, but the greatness of my obligations are infinitely multiply'd by the effusion of those graces, his mere goodness hath already, and still doth bestow upon me. I humbly beseech you, Sir, with all the respect I am capable of, to celebrate the glorious immensity of his compassions, which are beyond all his works of beneficence in times past, for the graces he grants me still, and for the hope he has filled my heart with of enjoying and possessing him eternally. This is the very reason why I take the liberty to salute you, in hopes the Lord will enable me by his grace to wait upon you in person. By this you will see, Sir, that I am not ungrateful, and that I have you imprinted in my heart with an indelible character. For this purpose I shall expressly go through Holland. Mr Capion is parted from me since the 13th of June. My liberty was sent at the same time with his, but the court was mistaken, for the king's letter was sent to the governor of the citadel, and that of the castle d'Ye would not deliver me without an express order from the king himself. But we have left Mess. Ragats and Mongier in the dungeon, where we were. I recommend them to your prayers, if you please, as they have desired me; and I doubly recommend myself, that as my adversity has not made me murmur, my prosperity may not make me forget my deliverer, but may praise his holy name all the rest of my days to all eternity. I beseech you, Sir, to excuse my hand-writing, for I write with much distraction, my sight being very weak, because of the brightness of the sun I have not seen so long. I salute you, and all your dear family, with all the respect and acknowledgment I am capable of, &c.

This worthy confessor knew very well, that as he could not send his pastor more agreeable news, so he answer'd it with tears of joy in his family; and after having given thanks to God in private, he did it also in publick the Sunday following, saying with David; 'Lord! thou art become gracious unto thy land, thou hast turn'd away the captivity of Jacob;' without forgetting to pray for those that are still in bonds, that their sighs might come even into his presence.

Depart-

Departing from Marseilles, Elias Neau took his way through Orange. The restoration of that great flock had given him so much joy in his prison, and the venerable pastors had so edified the church by their sufferings and their constancy, that he could not forbear going to mix his joy with that of so many of the faithful ; nothing was heard there but thanksgivings to God, or pious conversations on the wonders that God had wrought, and was daily working in his saints. The secret joy that these interviews give to those that are interested in them, may be felt, but cannot be express'd.

From Orange he went by Lyons, where he found a remnant of charitable brethren, that received him with much humanity ; and at last he got out of France, as out of a cruel Egypt, and happily arrived at Geneva, where, as in another Canaan, by the abundance of the milk and honey that flows so salutarily within her walls, he was received by the pastors and professors with the utmost tenderness, giving thanks and blessing God for this marvellous deliverance. As the dear confessor was very weak, they kept him there some time to use some means for the recovery of his health. And one of the worthy professors of that city, would not have him lodge any where else but with him, as long as he staid at Geneva.

When he found his health a little restored, and had got strength to pursue his travels, he went through several of the evangelick cantons, but stopped particularly at Bern, where he designed to wait upon their excellencies, and to represent to them the sad condition many faithful of their nation were in, either upon the gallies, or in dungeons, as Paul Ragats mentioned before. By which he would raise the compassion of the heads of that government to employ their interest for procuring the liberty of those poor captives.

When I say, that their excellencies received our confessor very favourably, no body will be surprized. For 'tis very well known how sensible they are of the affliction of Joseph. The refuge they have granted to so many illustrious exiles ; the extraordinary charity bestowed upon the French refugees, and those that but lately were driven out of Piedmont, when the sole city of Zurich on one Sunday, made a collection in four of their churches of nineteen thousand six hundred livres, are bright testimonies of the piety of that government, so that one can say of their charity, what St Paul said of the faith of the Romans, that it was spoken
of

of throughout all the world. And if the Lord blesses their care, I do not doubt but they will soon procure the liberty of all their suffering countrymen.

Elias Neau having discharged his commission, departed for Holland, where he arrived about the month of September last. He had made himself so famous by his chains, that people every where expressed their joy for this happy deliverance. And to avoid the crime of Pharaoh's butler, who forgot Joseph in prison, he tried all possible means to draw his suffering brethren from the captivity, under which they still were groaning. When he for this purpose was presented to the grand pensionary Heinsius at the Hague, he shewed him the memorial which was drawn up for the poor Gallerians. This chief minister had charged himself with all the sentiments of compassion and tenderness, which that great man usually shews for the afflicted church. The king was then gone to Germany, but as soon as he returned to Loo, Elias Neau went thither to thank his majesty for the happy deliverance he enjoyed through his royal intercession. And his admittance was facilitated by the marquiss de Miremont, who presented a petition to that great monarch in the name of all his suffering brethren, humbly imploring his majesty to intercede for them. The king not only received him very graciously, but two days after made him be assured, that he would not fail to endeavour after the liberty of those faithful confessors, although he did not hope for much success. Mr Blathwait secretary of war, by the command of his majesty made him a present of 300 Florins, telling him at the same time, to receive that little gratuity as a proof of the regard his majesty had for his past sufferings. And since it was by the mediation of my lord Portland, that our confessor was set at liberty, he waited also upon him to testify his gratitude, and was very favourably received, not only by my lord, but by his whole family, who all were touched and edified by the relation of his sufferings, and the constancy of so many generous confessors, that are still detained in dungeons and upon the gallies.

It is very much to be wished, and all the faithful ought to beg of God by their earnest prayers, that he would bless the good intention of the king of England, and other protestant sovereigns for the liberty of so many poor prisoners, whose number increases every day, by the condemnation they give every where against those that are surprized either upon retiring out of France, to serve God in the liberty of conscience in foreign countries, or coming from an assembly, where

they have been at prayers. But what appearance have we to expect such a happy time after what is past at the end of the last year, on account of that faithful martyr Mr Brousson, who was broke alive upon the wheel at Montpellier, whose only crime was to have exhorted the people, that heard him in the Cevennes, to be faithful to God, to fear him, and to honour the king. Perhaps there are still some apologists of those horrible cruelties, by saying that he did not suffer death for his religion, but for his rebellion against the king, who had forbid him to exercise his religion in France, and to exhort his brethren to persevere in the same. As when a mortal man should forbid the exercise of charity, which the immortal God has so expressly commanded, is one obliged to obey man rather than God? As if one were obliged to submit one's conscience to obey such laws, which a false zeal had dictated, and disobey God, whose laws are so holy, just and good. Is it not better after all to say with the apostles: We must obey God rather than men. This answer of the apostles to the high priest, was the apology of that glorious martyr Mr Brousson.

But humanly speaking, what can be expected from the spirit of these persecutors, after that terrible declaration of December 13, 1698. which shocks not only the reformed, but even the old papists themselves, that are slaves to the Roman clergy.

To put an end to the history of Elias Neau, who after he had discharged his commission, and solicited the king of England, and the states of Holland, in favour of his captive brethren, his thoughts were bent to go to England, where in one of the vessels of the king's retinue, who repassed the sea, he happily arrived: And after a few months stay there, he at last embarked for New York to his wife and children.

To give a more exact account of the piety of this generous confessor, and of the satisfaction all good people took in his happy deliverance, I have added the three following letters writ to him, from which may be drawn a great deal of consolation.

P R E F A C E.

THE righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance, says the royal prophet; this was so deeply imprinted in the heart of the late worthy patriot Sir John Phillips, of blessed memory, that he shewed it upon all occasions. For he never mention'd the name of Elias Neau, whose history is the subject of the ensuing pages, but with a peculiar delight and veneration. The character given by such an honourable and pious gentleman, to that true confessor, who had suffer'd so much for the name of our blessed Redeemer, and the truth of his gospel, made me ever after very desirous to know something more of his life and conversation, but finding no body since the afore-mention'd honourable gentleman's death, that knew any thing of Elias Neau, I despaired of hearing any more of him, 'till providence brought me acquainted with a christian Switzer, who accidentally shewed me l'Histoire de Sieur Elias Neau, it struck me immediately with a joyful surprise, that that was the same person, of whom the above-mentioned pious Sir John had given so excellent a character, of which I was more fully convinced after I had perused the same. And finding it so instructive and edifying, I thought it worthy to be translated from the original French, to the end that the English reader, might keep the name of this faithful confessor in everlasting remembrance. But when after the perusal, I found the copy defective in several places, and told my friend of my design, he spared no pains 'till he procured me a perfect copy; by which I not only supplied what was wanting in his own copy, but immediately set about the translation; which, as mean as it is, will, I hope, with the blessing of our adorable Redeemer, be of great use to any serious Christian reader, and an encouragement to praise all-wise providence, for delivering us from that persecuting spirit of Popish tyranny. Hallelujah.

The first letter from the consistory of the French church at New-York, to Mr Elias Neau, a confessor of Jesus Christ upon the gallies, Sept. 25th, 1696.

Very dear brother,

YOU may well believe, that the unjust and cruel decree pronounc'd against you by condemning you to the gallies, after you was taken and carried into France, has been a great affliction to us, ever since we received the sad news. Just as it is in the human body, when one member suffers, all the rest feel its pain; how can we be insensible of your affliction, since you are a member of our body, which discharged its functions with honour? had it been in our power, we should soon have disengaged you from the anguish of your condemnation, and demonstrated to you the real esteem we always had of your piety. What we have been able to do, since that time, has been to pray to God for your deliverance, and to crown your fidelity at last. But as your condemnation has caused our sorrow, so your courage and the strength God has vouchsafed to you in your trials, to defend the truth of Jesus Christ, at the cost of your liberty, has filled us with joy. This gives us such a satisfaction as we cannot express, since God has made you triumph over all the rage and artifices of your enemies. You never hesitated nor varied in the least, when you was to give an account of your faith. You have, without any disguise, openly declared that you professed no other religion, but what Jesus Christ has taught us, and that you would never come into the damnable idolatries and superstitions of Rome: insomuch, that neither promises nor menaces, could shake your fidelity. You received the sentence of your condemnation with an intrepid courage, and stretched out your hands with joy to be fasten'd to the chains. Neither have you swerved from your first resolution since, that same grace, which inspired you with those noble and heroic purposes, has always powerfully supported you, and filled you with comfort in your long sufferings, and made you find abundance of joy even in the natural causes of pain.

How happy are you, most dear brother, that you are singled out from so many others to be a signal example of what the grace of God can do, when he displays the abundance of its riches in a soul! What an honour is it, that you

you have been found worthy to suffer for the best cause that ever was; and to experience the succour of the presence of God in the midst of your painful torments! What is there in this world comparable to your glory? Will its riches vie with the graces of the Holy Spirit, which you possess in abundance. Can the profane pleasures of all the world come up to the joys you are full of: And can one say, that the most magnificent crowns of the earth can be in the least compared with what you possess in hope to receive from the hands of our Saviour, when he shall come to exalt all the faithful, but particularly those, that have fought like you for his glory.

As your patience, courage and sufferings are an honour to the church of Jesus Christ, do not think the memory of them will ever be lost, but be preserved among the faithful with all the martyrs and confessors of the gospel, in blessing to all future ages. Neither be at all doubtful, that notwithstanding all the scorn and hatred your persecutors put upon you, but must have in the bottom of their heart, a respect and veneration for your constancy: Virtue exacts a secret homage from its most fierce persecutors. Do you think, they can avoid admiring the divine principle, that inspires you with courage not only to suffer with patience, but with all the appearance of solid joy, all the punishments, they put upon the worst of malefactors, though you are innocent, and suffer for no other cause, but that you will not prostitute your conscience and violate it? If they shew outwardly nothing but rage and fury, no doubt they must inwardly be seized with fear and terror for making one that is innocent suffer unjustly, and admire the invincible perseverance, with which you endure all: So that you have not only your brethren as witnesses of your sufferings, your enemies the admirers of your virtue, but what is more, you have God the Father guarantee of your victory, God the Son president of your combat, and God the Holy Ghost for your comfort and strength. Now there remains nothing but that you finish what you have begun. Your beginning has been illustrious, you have continued gloriously hitherto, and we hope from the grace of God, and your piety, that the end will correspond with the beginning and progress, so that you will finish the course of your trials, and render your chains famous to the end. This is what we wish you, most dear brother, and what we beg of God for you with ardour. We implore him to put a speedy end to your trials by an happy deliverance, and rejoice to see and embrace

brace you. What a satisfaction, will that not be to us, to touch your hands, made honourable by bearing the chains for the defence of the gospel? And to see once so worthy a confessor honour our assemblies? But leaving to God the time and manner of your deliverance, we beseech him to do it, as will suit best with the glory of his name, to the confusion and conversion of his enemies, and to the edification of his church. We desire you, to receive the small relief, which our church sends you, for an outward refreshment of your body, and as a token of her esteem. Pray for us, as we never cease to pray for your liberty, and rest assured, that we are with all possible esteem, your very humble and obedient servants, the minister and the elders of New York, Puret Mister, Elie Bourdinot, Gabriel le Boiteux, Barbary, Dronillet, elders.

The second letter of a gally slave to Elias Neau upon his deliverance.

Blessed be the Lord, my dear and honoured brother in the Lord. For ever blessed be the infinitely merciful God for his inestimable mercy he is now shewing you. Great reason have you no doubt, most illustrious and glorious confessor, to take the cup of deliverance, and to publish the divine praises of the King of kings, and Lord of lords eternally, who has not only given you grace to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for him, and after rendering your faith more pure than gold tried in the fire, he has mercifully delivered you from all the cruel sufferings, at the rate of all the days and years of your afflictions. You have great reason to admire the power, wisdom and goodness of that glorious deliverer, who has so magnificently broke the chains, and so gloriously dissipated the horror of darkness, into which you were plunged so long. And thus you have at last great reason to cry out with the psalmist, ‘ O God, who is like unto thee! O what great troubles and adversities hast thou shewed me, and yet didst thou turn and refresh me, yea and broughtest me from the deep of the earth again.’ In truth, this good God has made you rise again from the bottom of the earth, where you was buried so many years. He has actually restored you to life, as by a new resurrection. For all which may he be blessed and glorified eternally.

O ye unjust and cruel persecutors of the truth, do you imagine that God takes no notice of our afflictions, and has
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abandon'd us, to be for ever the objects of your inhumanity and violence ! Learn at last by this happy example, that the Lord, in his appointed time, delivers out of temptation and trouble all those, that honour and fear him, and doth not permit the rod of the wicked to rest perpetually on the back of the righteous. Learn and apprehend by this happy example, that the eyes of the Lord are upon the just, and his ears attentive to their prayers, and that, if the righteous have troubles in great number, the Lord delivers them at last out of all : learn at last by all this to give glory to that great God, who is the protector and deliverer of all that adore him, and tremble at the sight of that dreadful judgment, which will infallibly befall you, if you persevere any longer in your injustice. For though it is very true, that this our just God is angry with us at present because of our sins, and for that reason has delivered us into your blood-thirsty hands ; yet hear a little what he himself tells us by the mouth of his prophet Esaias, and cease to glory in your power you have at present over us ; ‘ My people, that dwells in Sion, says that ‘ great monarch of the universe, do not fear Assur : he shall ‘ smite thee with a rod, and shall lift up his staff against thee ‘ after the manner of Egypt. For yet a very little while, and ‘ the indignation shall cease, and mine anger in their destruction, ch. x. 24. But what signifies speaking to the deaf, that have ears and hear not, and are quite hardened in their malice ? I leave them, therefore, to their fatal obstinacy, and address myself again to you, our illustrious and generous confessor of the truth of the Lord Jesus ; to you, I say, who have ears to hear, and now taste with so much sweetness, how good the Lord is to those that love him, and experience with so much pleasure the sweet effects of his paternal tenderness. Enjoy, O thou very happy and faithful soul, enjoy with humble gratitude this great and incomparable favour, the Lord has done to you ; and take it as a powerful motive to consecrate yourself more and more to his holy and glorious service. I do not pretend to give you any great exhortations upon this subject ; for besides that it doth not become such a miserable and ungrateful sinner as I am, to preach to others their duty, being fully convinced of your great love to your God, and your great zeal for his glory ; and entirely assured, that you will never forget the great benefits for which you are indebted to his infinite mercy, and that you will employ entirely both your liberty and your whole life, you hold equally from his Almighty hand, in a continual testimony of your most humble and most just
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acknowledgments. You fear, at last, my dear and honoured brother, lest the relish of worldly prosperity should gain upon your heart to triumph over your virtue, more than all the cruel sufferings could do to conquer your constancy. This I take to be already a very good sign to distrust yourself, and your own frailty. For happy is that man that fears always, says Solomon in his divine morals. But, my dear brother, do not you know, that he who has been your support and strength in your chains, and in the great conflicts you have maintained for the faith, is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, and in whom there is no variation, nor shadow of changing? Don't you know, that his gifts and callings are without repentance, and that those he has loved once, he loves to the end? Therefore you may be firmly persuaded, that that same almighty protector, who made you so gloriously and happily triumph over the horror of the galleys, and your dark dungeons, will make you as happily and gloriously triumph over all the temptations that either Satan or your own flesh and blood may assault you with for the future. His victorious grace will be sufficient for you, whose salutary virtue will be accomplished in your infirmities; for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed. This is that solemn promise he has made you by his prophet Esaias, chap. liv. 10. for what God promises to his whole church in general, he promises to every faithful member in particular. Wherefore rejoice in the grace and mercy of your Redeemer, and rest assured, that this good God, who is not a man that should lye, nor a son of man who should repent, and who has so signally begun the work of grace in you, will also graciously perform it until the day of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

In the mean time I ardently pray to that good God, to produce in you most effectually to will and to do of his good pleasure, and to accomplish the work of faith powerfully in you. I conjure him also with all my heart to protect you in all the course of your long voyage you have, and to bring you safe to your dear wife and children, from whom you have been so long separated. I pray for them all, and intreat the Lord to pour upon you altogether his most precious blessings both spiritual and temporal. As for the rest, my most dear and honoured friend, I am most sensibly obliged, and thank you most heartily for all the precious testimonies of your affection, you have been pleased to shew me ever since I have had the honour to know you, and particularly for the ob-
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liging letter you have favoured me with at present, I acknowledge myself entirely unworthy of all your great tenderness you have towards such a miserable wretch as I am. But as much unworthy and obliged I am to your great charity, I think myself extremely unworthy of that particular tenderness which you profess to have for me above any of my other faithful fellow-sufferers. And upon this account you will give me leave to tell you, *En passant*, that I remark with confusion, that you, together with others of my brethren, have too good an opinion of me. You believe me caught up into the third heaven with the great apostle St Paul, whereas I am like another Demas, in whom the love of this present world reigns still so strongly, and miserably creep betwixt the desires of the flesh and the vanities and impurities of this present evil world. This is perhaps the reason, why you do not pray for me, and my sanctification, so fervently and zealously as you should. I therefore conjure you, my dear brother, to renounce, once for all, that great esteem you have of my imperfect piety, and to consider me only such as I am in reality, as a miserable wretched sinner, who stands in great need of the fervency of your most devout prayers. As I have often told you before, so I repeat it again, that my inward state is most deplorable, and worthy of compassion, than you can ever imagine. Pray then, my dear, pray fervently to that most merciful God, who has so magnificently worked in you your entire conversion, that he would be pleased to render his grace likewise victorious in my miserably corrupted heart, and to make it happily triumph over all my horrible weaknesses and great imperfections. Implore him ardently to destroy in my soul intirely all the strong holds, sin has so unhappily raised there, and re-establish his kingdom so powerfully, that there may be nothing left in me, but what is perfectly resigned to his holy will. But above all, beg of Him to raise the weary hands and the feeble knees, and enable me with patience and constancy to run the race set before me, by resisting courageously, even unto blood, if he should be pleased to call me to suffer death for his name's sake, and for the defence of his sacred truth. I humbly conjure you to continue your tender friendship, you have honoured me with hitherto, always remembering an unhappy slave in chains, that loves you sincerely, and would think himself very happy, if he could give you the most sensible proofs of his affection and tenderness, he is filled with towards you, and rest fully persuaded, that I shall never forget you, but shall continually remember those excellent
! virtues,

virtues, the Lord has endowed you withal. Adieu, my most dear brother and most honoured friend, I embrace you with all the extent of my heart, and with all the affection and tenderness of my soul. I pray to God to conduct you safely to your family; and conjure you to do me the justice to believe that I should be throughout my whole life with as much tenderness as veneration,

My most dear brother, and most honoured friend,

Yours, &c.

The third letter from the same confessor.

From my dungeon, Sept. 10, 1698.

My dear and honoured brother in our Lord Jesus Christ,

THE reason why I did not give myself the honour to send an answer to your humble and pious letter, you favoured me with from Lions, was, that I did not believe it would reach you at Geneva, or had some intervening accidents, not worth mentioning; yet it is but just I should acquit myself of my duty to write to you a few words at Amsterdam, where I suppose you will shortly arrive with God's help, if you are not arrived there already. I happily received yours of July 21, and saw with pleasure that profound humility and great piety, we have always observed in you, and which ever has edified all those that had the happiness to know you. I am not at all surprised to hear you still complaining of yourself and your imperfections; for that is an essential character of a faithful soul to be hungry and thirsty after righteousness, and you know that our Saviour calls them blessed, because they shall be satisfied. Far from it, that the lively sense you have of your own weakness should give me an occasion to judge amiss of your state and your inward disposition, as you seem to persuade me to; but on the contrary, it gives a just reason to look upon you as a true child of God, that ardently desires to be perfect as our heavenly father is perfect. In short, my dear brother, this fervent desire after christian perfection that is in you, can scarcely find room in an unregenerate heart; and there is none but those that have once been truly enlightened by the light of saving grace, and have really tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come: These, I say, are only capable to feel that
desire

desire as lively and ardently, as you feel it. And how can any worldling desire such a good, of which he neither knows the price nor its excellence. As their portion is in this life, so they can have no relish nor affection but for the transitory things of this world. But for a faithful soul, whose inheritance is reserved in heaven, and knows that all its happiness consists in the conformity of the blessed image of its glorious Saviour, has no other taste but for what is spiritual and heavenly; it desires to be holy, for its God is holy, and to be perfect, as its father in heaven is perfect. And as it is impossible to live in this body of sin without frailties and imperfections, for the complete perfection is reserved for the life to come, the sense of its weaknesses and imperfections must often produce bitter sighs, because it is impossible the soul should see its spots and uncleanness, which keep her at a distance from her sovereign scope, she has in view, without being penetrated at the same time with pain and displeasure. But O thou faithful soul, why art thou vexed, and why art thou so disquieted within thee? O put thy trust in God, for his regard is deliverance itself! Yea, my dear and honoured brother in our Lord Jesus Christ, put your trust in that merciful God, who has begun the work of his grace and salvation in you, and be firmly persuaded, that he will fully accomplish his saving virtue notwithstanding all your infirmities. Do but believe, and you will see the glory of God. He that has raised Lazarus from the grave, though he began to stink already, can he not deliver you from all your old habits, under whose weight you find yourself still groaning? And the surprizing effects of his saving grace, which he has shewn you already, are they not manifest proofs that he has predestinated you to be conformable to the image of his Son? And do not you know that those whom he has predestinated, he has also called, and those he has called, he has also justified, and those he has justified he has also glorified? What do you fear then, my dear brother, since you have within yourself the evident witness of your salvation, and of the eternal love of God towards you? And since the Holy Spirit of God, by whom you have been sealed for the day of redemption, has so strongly assured you that you are of the number of God's children? It is true, that this wise Creator has still left some Amalekites to struggle with to exercise your patience. He permits you still to have some temptations to overcome, your own flesh and the world, with all its false inticements. But the election of the Father, and the eternal redemption of the Son, and the manifest communion of the Holy Ghost,

who dwell already in your heart, ought to assure you against the enemies of your salvation, and to fill you with joy and consolation in hopes of your perfect deliverance ; for the day is coming when this almighty Redeemer will entirely deliver you from all your spiritual enemies, from all those wicked concupiscences that war against your soul, and put you in the possession of an eternal and glorious triumph. Do but hear what the prophet Isaiah says in chap. xxviii. " Fear not, for " I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, " thou art mine. When thou passest through the water I " will be with thee ; and through the rivers they shall not " overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire, thou " shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon " thee : For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel " thy Saviour." Then fear nothing, my dear brother, because God himself promises you his mighty and gracious protection ; and be persuaded that neither the flames of concupiscence, nor the fire of carnal passions, nor the waves of other temptations, of which you complain so bitterly, shall ever be able to overwhelm and devour your soul, which God keeps so choice in his paternal hands to guard it from all danger. In short, be assured that neither death, nor angel, nor principality nor power, neither things present nor to come, neither height nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate you from the love of God. For, as I told you before, his gifts and calling are without repentance, and those he has loved once, he loves to the end. In the mean time, " He that is righteous, let him be righteous still, and he that " is holy, let him be holy still," Rev. xxii. 11. Wherefore you will give me leave to tell you, that you ought to strive to your utmost to conquer the remaining corruptions you perceive still in your heart, and to endeavour to forget those things that are behind, and reach forth unto those things that are before, and to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling. But I do not tell you all this to teach you, for I know very well, that you do not want my poor instructions ; it is only to answer your letter more exactly, and to comfort and edify myself at the same time with you. As for the rest, you need not doubt at all of my poor, yet fervent intercessions for you ; for I pray as much as my corruption and imbecility will permit, for the progress of your regeneration and sanctification, and praise the Lord with all my power for all his infinite compassions, he has favoured you with. And I conjure you earnestly to pray for me with all the ardor of your zeal, for I stand in more need of the assistance

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fluence of your prayers, than you have of mine. If you could but one moment peep into the cabinet of my miserable heart, you would most evidently be convinced, that I am worse than you think of me, and that I have too great reason to tell you so. In short, there is so great a difference betwixt your and my state, that yours may be called a state of perfection, and mine imperfection and misery. This is what I have so often endeavoured in all my letters to persuade you of, yet you will nevertheless regard me, and speak to me as if I was really something. This gives me more uneasiness and displeasure than I can tell you. For besides that I dare not wish, that any body should be deceived about me, by making more of me than he should; no more dare I wish to be told any thing that may flatter my pride and vanity, my corrupted heart is still so full of. Wherefore I conjure you once more, my dear brother, to lay aside that too favourable opinion you have conceived of me, and to consider me such as I am in reality, viz. as a bruised reed, and a smoking flax, that is, in great want of the fervor of your holy intercessions; O grant me this I humbly beseech you, and favour me with the continuance of your tender and precious friendship, you have honoured me with hitherto. You have been so kind to promise it me, and I rely upon your promise, because I know your sincerity, and that you do not love me for my own sake, but for the sake of Him who has loved us all with an eternal love, and has given himself unto death for us all. I assure you once more on my part, that by God's assistance I shall never forget you, but preserve the just and true value I have for your piety and zeal. I shall also continue to pray to God to conduct you safely to your dear family, and replenish you all with his most precious blessings, both temporal and spiritual, and fill you with the inestimable riches of his grace, of his love and mercy in this life, and the transcendent treasures of his glory in the life to come.

As for the rest, I do not doubt but you will do all that depends upon your charitable care, to excite the compassion of the powers of England and Holland towards us, and that you will employ all the efforts of your charity to engage them to procure our liberty. But I will lose no more time to sollicite you to this good work, for the accomplishment of which I am persuaded you will neglect none of the just means all-wise providence will direct you to. I shall content myself in the mean time with imploring the Sovereign Director of all events, that he may be pleased to bless your pious solicitations, and grant us grace in a short time to praise him in

I have been thinking much of late, and
how much we owe to God for all his
mercies, and how much we are bound to
return to him for all his goodness. I
shall be obliged to order for us. Do you, in the
mean time, be sure to give with a generous
heart to support him, and to be a witness
in your own hearts in his love, in his fear,
and in the confession of his holy name and truth,
and at last make us more
than conquerors in all things through Him who has
been so charitable to recommend us to the prayers of
all your friends, which you know take particular part in our
afflictions, and have been touched with the length of our
sufferings.

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